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PARTING.

BY K. M.

Pass on! and leave me standing here alone,
My soul predicts the future holds for thee
Wealth and the fame of men, it hath for me
Life's humbler duties. Dear, thy every tone
Hath made my pathway brighter. No weak moan
Shall pass my lips because mine eyes may see
Thine nevermore on earth; altho' the tree
Hang fearless o'er my head that once weighed down
With its abundant harvest. Many a ray
From out the golden past shines on the rain:
But for the storm and tears of life, the day
Had never its fair rainbow. Blessed pain
That makes us trust our Father, till the way
Lead heavenwards, and we clasp hands again!

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Richmond and Lucy breakfasted alone, as his wife was not well enough to come down so early.

"It is a curious thing she is always so much worse in the morning, is it not?" he said anxiously.

"Perhaps it is a bad case of indigestion," suggested Lucy. "I have always heard dyspeptic people do feel worse in the morning, though, thank goodness, I know nothing of it from my own experience; everything agrees with me."

"And with me," he said; "but I should not wonder if you are right. I hope so, because there cannot be much difficulty in curing that. If she is not decidedly better in a day or two, I shall send for the doctor—it is miserable to see her suffer like this. It seems too bad, too, to have invited you to such a dull house," he continued kindly; "but I know you are too unselfish to require an apology, and I am sure your presence will do her more good than any number of doctors. Of course you wouldn't notice it, not having seen her lately; but I assure you she was more cheerful last night than she has been for a week."

"She must have been dismal indeed, poor thing!" thought Lucy.

After breakfast Edgar took her round the grounds, and showed her the stables and dog-kennels, in which she was as much interested as even he could have wished.

That done, they returned to the house, that he might prepare an effervescing drink which his wife had every morning about this time, and again before going to bed.

"She enjoys it, and I think it must be good for her, don't you? It is so beautifully refreshing, and she always seems thirsty."

Five minutes afterwards she saw him go up-stairs with a tumbler full of some delicious creaming liquid.

"It is awfully tantalizing," thought Lucy. "My walk has made me very hot. I wish he would offer me some; but he seems so absorbed in her wants, I expect he never thought of me."

In a minute or two she heard them coming down together, and hastened out to meet them. Mrs. Richmond looked about the same, though she said she felt a trifle better, and proposed that they all should go for a drive.

"Perhaps a blow by the sea will do me good. I am quite ashamed of being such a wet blanket. Lucy dear, you must try to make yourself as happy as you can in the circumstances, and you must go about with Edgar. I shall not be jealous—you may depend on that," she said, with a feeble smile.

"But we do not mean to rest until we make you well enough to go about with us," persisted Lucy. "We flatter ourselves we have diagnosed your case already; have we not, Mr. Richmond? And we intend to have a consultation with a brother medico in a day or two, if you are not better."

"I ought to get better soon," returned Mrs. Richmond, "with two such loving, cheerful companions."

"And so you will, my dear—rely upon that!" said her husband kindly.

They went for their drive, lunched at a little seaside village some miles off, and came back in time for dinner, passing the evening in the same quiet, dull manner.

"Upon my word," thought Lucy that night in her bedroom, "if this is going to be the usual style of things, I must set myself some task to get through while I am here; I shall simply stagnate, if I go on in this awfully quiet way for two months; it must be something dreadful for poor Edgar Richmond,—really I cannot help pitying him, although he used not to be a favorite of mine."

The next evening a slight circumstance occurred, which, although it caused Lucy a little surprise, she scarcely noticed at the time; afterwards, when every trifling incident connected with her visit became of importance, it came back to her. Richmond brought his wife her effervescing drink as usual, and she asked Lucy if she would not like one as well.

"Yes, I really should," said Lucy; "it looks so very tempting."

"Well, then, Edgar will mix one for you, I am sure; won't you, dear?"

He had been so exceedingly polite and attentive that they were not at all prepared for his showing a decided objection to do what they asked.

"Oh, really, I must ask Miss Lucy to excuse me to-night. You know I cannot undertake to provide unlimited iced drinks. You, dear, are privileged as an invalid."

Although this was rather uncivil, he smiled so pleasantly while he spoke that it was impossible to take offence.

"Let Lucy have mine to-night, if she would like to taste it."

A look of genuine alarm passed over his face as he interrupted hastily—

"Nonsense, my dear, don't be foolish! Of course Miss Lucy will not take what I have provided for you. To-morrow I will make her one. I would have done so to-night; but the servants have gone to bed, and they only left materials enough for yours."

With that he left the room, slamming the door crossly.

"He must be in a very bad temper to do that," thought Lucy. "He knows how it upsets his wife, and he is generally wonderfully careful."

Mrs. Richmond, however, did not seem at all impressed with his irritability, and said, when they were alone—

"Now, Lucy, I mean you to have half of this, at any rate; if you don't take it, you will really make me most uncomfortable."

Lucy, seeing she was quite it earnest, and feeling a little piqued with Edgar, needed no further persuasion; and they shared the tumbleful together, and then said good-night.

On the following morning, when Lucy came down, a little later than usual, she was astonished to find Mrs. Richmond seated at the breakfast table, decidedly a degree better.

"Why, my dear Lucy, how ill you look! What is the matter?"

"I don't know, I am sure; I did not sleep at all until about six o'clock this morning, and my head was so bad I did not know what to do with myself. It is so curious, because I have never had a bad night in my life before. This morning I fancy I must feel just like men do when they have taken too much to drink over night—dull and cold and heavy."

"How strange!" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond. "You describe my usual sensations exactly, only, oddly enough, this morning I am comparatively free from them. I should think something must have disagreed with you."

"Perhaps it was the effervescing drink?" suggested Lucy incautiously.

Edgar had been deeply immersed in letters, and had not spoken, except to say good-morning; but at this he put his papers down suddenly, and said, in a harsh voice—

"What effervescing drink?"

"Ah, you have let the cat out of the bag, Lucy!"

"What do you mean? Don't talk ridiculous!" he insisted, his face growing pale.

"Dear Edgar, there is nothing to annoy you in the matter; Lucy had half my drink last night, that was all. I insisted upon it."

"I am surprised you should have done so," he went on angrily, "when you knew I made it expressly for you, and meant you to drink it. You must have done it on purpose to irritate me."

"Oh, Edgar, how can you say such unkind things? I would not vex you for the world," said his wife, showing a strong disposition to cry.

"Ah, well, dear, I spoke hastily," he said, recovering his temper; "you must both forgive me! I have had worrying letters this morning. I am afraid I shall have to go over to the Continent for a week or two, and I cannot bear the idea of leaving you until you are better, even in such good hands as Miss Lucy's. By-the-bye, that decides me—we will have the doctor to-day, and hear what he says. Unless he is reassuring, I shall not go, although I really ought to do so, for my manager has been letting my business over there get into a very queer state. What do you say to driving over to Lulmouth and calling on Doctor Maurice? I hear he is a new man in these parts, and a very clever fellow."

"Don't you think that is decidedly the best thing to do?" said Lucy, appealing to Mrs. Richmond.

"Yes, perhaps it is; but I would prefer that he came to see me here; so do you go with Edgar; and, as I feel a little better this morning, I will go down and have a chat with Mrs. Mitchell, the housekeeper. If I had not had reliable servants, I don't know what would have become of us, as I have not been able to look after anything. There is not one of mine, however, that I cannot trust implicitly. I have known the younger ones since they were children, and all of them were brought up on my father's estate; I believe they are really sincerely attached to me."

Directly the horses could be put to, Lucy and Edgar started; and the brisk invigorating breeze soon dispelled all her uncomfortable sensations. They had to wait a few minutes in Doctor Maurice's little drawing-room, the servant telling them he was busy among his poorer patients.

"He attends to them every morning, gratis, for two hours, sir, and he never allows himself to be called away, except for an accident or sudden case of illness. He will have finished in five minutes, though; and perhaps you and the young lady will sit down and look at the newspaper until he comes."

"He must be an odd, independent sort of fellow, to run the risk of losing good, new patients while he attends to a lot of paupers!" remarked Edgar, when the girl had left them.

"Yes, it certainly is unusual; but it sounds as if he must be a thoroughly nice man; I feel sure I shall like him; and his room is delightful, isn't it? Everything is so refined and pretty. I wonder whether he is married?" speculated Lucy. "You would fancy a woman's hand had been at work here, wouldn't you?" she continued, walking about. "Ah, here are all Caldecott's books! I am so fond of them; are not you?"

"No, I cannot say I see anything to make a fuss about, in them. Some of his horses are well drawn; but his dogs are horrid mongrels."

"But that is just the pleasure of them," argued Lucy; "they are all so beautifully ugly."

"Well, I do not believe you would find any one who really understood the points of a horse or dog care for them," said Edgar, conclusively. He certainly had no sense of humor."

They were in the midst of this discussion when Doctor Maurice walked in.

He was a gentlemanly, fair, clever-looking young man, not at all learnedly professional in aspect. He apologized politely for keeping them waiting, and inquired in what way he could serve them. After hearing something of the nature of the case, he promised to be at Fernhurst early in the afternoon; and Edgar and Lucy took their leave.

"What do you think of him?" asked Edgar. "Not a particularly impressive-looking person, is he?"

"I don't know about that," replied Lucy. "I think he is decidedly handsome, and there is something about his manner that inspires me with great confidence."

"Upon my word, Miss Lucy, you seem to be rather fetched by our young friend!" said Edgar, laughing.

"Oh, dear no, nothing of the sort!" protested Lucy, with unnecessary eagerness, feeling to her dismay that she was blushing in a most suspicious manner.

Edgar only chuckled in response; and they hardly broke the silence again during their drive home.

Directly they had finished their lunch, Doctor Maurice was announced, and Richmond and Lucy left him with his patient.

In about a quarter of an hour he readmitted them.

"Well, doctor, what do you think you will be able to do for my wife?" inquired Edgar, anxiously.

"Everything, I hope," he answered, smiling kindly. "Mrs. Richmond is suffering from a severe attack of nervous indigestion—not at all an uncommon complaint—and I quite expect in a week or two she will be all right again. I will write a prescription, and I have been giving your wife some directions about diet. In the first place, she must not have any more iced effervescing drinks; I believe really and truly they are responsible for most of the mischief in this case."

"How responsible—what do you mean?" asked Edgar in a low constrained voice.

His tone was so peculiar that it attracted Lucy's attention; she was again astonished to see his face agitated and pale.

"How strangely sensitive he is on this subject!" she thought. "What can be the meaning of it?"

A slight expression of surprise at his impolite manner appeared on Doctor Maurice's face, and he continued in a more dictatorial style—

"I mean that in any case where there is a disposition to a flow of blood to the head, often a symptom of nervous dyspepsia, it is unadvisable to take any iced beverages, as they distinctly increase the tendency. I think they are unwholesome things at any time, but more especially so at night; altogether, your wife's taking them has been a gigantic mistake."

"But surely a very natural one?" muttered Edgar, sullenly.

"Oh, yes, natural enough!" rejoined the doctor. "It is astonishing how ignorant the

most highly-educated people are of the simplest rules of medicine."

"But my husband does know something of medicine," put in Mrs. Richmond, anxious to restore Edgar's equanimity. "He studied for the profession when he was quite a young man."

"Well, my dear, I don't think you need mention that now: it only makes me appear a greater fool."

"Dear me," thought the doctor, "he does not seem quite so devoted and tender as I heard he was!" With considerable tact, he took no notice of Edgar's ill-humor and went on—"I should advise your having a little claret with your lunch and dinner, and a small quantity of brandy and water the last thing before settling to sleep. Take the spirit up to your room with you. In case you should still feel no disposition to sleep and be troubled with any of the faint excited feelings you mention, in about three hours you may take a further wineglassful of spirit and water. In these obstinate cases of sleeplessness a little stimulant is almost necessary to prevent the wear and tear of strength. I hope and think, however," he went on cheerfully, "that the change of diet and my medicine will very quickly restore you to health."

"Ah, I should be thankful to feel myself again, Doctor!" said Mrs. Richmond, looking gratefully at him. "It makes me so miserable to think what a wretched depressing person I must be to those about me."

"My dear, that is the very last thing you need worry yourself about," said Edgar, kindly. "Doctor, my wife is the most unselfish woman in the world, and, if you can cure her, we shall all feel deeply grateful to you."

"Yes, indeed we shall doctor," broke in Lucy, warmly; "it makes us all unhappy to see her suffer so."

Doctor Maurice turned quickly towards her as she spoke, and smiled at her with open approval.

He thought he had never seen so sweet and earnest a face; and the blush which spread over it as he looked made it still more attractive to him.

"You may be sure I will do my best, and I quite believe I shall be rewarded," he said. "I will send you some medicine, Mrs. Richmond, directly I get home, and I'll call again to-morrow at about the same time."

"Don't be late, doctor; I shall be quite looking forward to your visit," returned Mrs. Richmond.

He laughed, and, having said good-bye, went out with Richmond, and, a minute afterwards, they saw him driving down the avenue.

"Well, Sarah how do you like him?" inquired Edgar, when he returned to the room.

"Very much," she answered warmly. "I have never been so pleasantly impressed with a stranger. I feel better already. He has given me fresh life and hope."

"I think he seems a very jolly fellow; don't you, Miss Lucy?" he added slyly.

"Yes, I think so," agreed Lucy, trying to make her voice sound very indifferent, and succeeding very badly.

"Oh, you appear to have cooled down greatly! You spoke of him much more heartily this morning," he continued, the very spirit of mischief in his dark brown eyes.

"I wonder whether he is married?" said Mrs. Richmond musingly.

"Ah, that is just what Miss Lucy was wondering! That seems to be the first thing you ladies think of; it would never have occurred to me to wonder on the subject. However, I can make your minds easy on that score. I hear he is a bachelor."

Almost before he had finished, Lucy had fled from the room.

"Why, Edgar, what is the matter with Lucy? What are you teasing her for?"

"Oh, only for fun!" he answered, laughing. "Sarah, that is a case of mutual love at first sight."

"Edgar, you cannot mean it—why, they have never met until to-day! I am sure Lucy is not at all the sort of girl to make such a hasty choice."

"Well, events will show; I am certain I am not mistaken."

The medicine arrived in due course, and Edgar, with his customary devoted attention, went down to the cellar to select a bottle of brandy for his wife to commence. He brought it ready decanted.

"Now that is to be for your special use," he said to her. "That decanter holds exactly a bottle, so you will be able to allow-ance yourself. I have put another bottle of this particular brand, which is much better than the rest, in a certain bin in the cellar, and shown it to Mrs. Mitchell. So, if you want any more before I am back—if he does order that, as I forget to ask him to-day—she will know where to find it."

"Thank you, dear; you are always so good and thoughtful."

"I need to do something to atone for my idiotic mistake about those confounded effervescing drinks. To think that I, of all people in the world, should have been doing the very thing to make you worse! When Doctor Maurice said that they were at the root of the mischief, it quite upset me. I am afraid I seemed dreadfully irritable-tempered."

The next morning they were disappointed not to see any improvement in Mrs. Richmond's condition; she was, in fact, feeling weaker than usual; but she herself was the first to suggest that she could not expect to be cured in a day; and, after Doctor Maurice had seen her, Edgar asked if it would be right for him to leave home for a short time.

"Certainly," replied Doctor Maurice; "I do not consider Mrs. Richmond's state of health at all alarming; you may make yourself perfectly comfortable in going, and I hope, by the time you return, you will find a decided change for the better in your wife."

"Thank you, doctor; then I shall make up my mind to go. I shall feel quite safe in leaving my wife in your hands, and I hope you will not confine your visits to purely professional ones while I am away, for I am sure your cheerful society would be quite a blessing to the ladies."

"I shall be delighted to come in occasionally, as you ask me so kindly," replied John Maurice brightly.

Preparations for Edgar's departure kept them all busily occupied on the following morning.

Evans, their only indoor-servant, was to accompany him.

This man had been in his service for many years, and appeared much attached to him.

"Now, dear," said Edgar to his wife, when the time for starting had arrived, "you must remember to write to me very often, as I shall be most anxious to hear how you get on under the new treatment. You know where to address my letters; I shall make Boulogne my head-quarters; but you must not be surprised if a few days elapse before you get my answers. I shall be moving about constantly for the next fortnight, and letters may have to be forwarded. You are sure you have the address safe?"

"I think it is on the library-table," replied his wife tearfully.

"Oh, never mind looking! I had better write another, in case you lose that one. I have a card and pencil here. By-the-bye, Miss Lucy, I don't think I ever showed you my pencil-case; Sarah bought it for me in Florence, and I am very proud of it."

It was a beautiful little thing, with a small, finely-cut cameo at the end.

"I always wear it on this chain; I would not lose it for the world!"

"Then you must buy a new ring for it," said Lucy, who had taken it in her hand, and was admiring it. "See—this one is almost worn through!"

"So it is, by Jove! I am so glad you called my attention to it; I must get a new one at once. It will be safe for the present so;" and he carefully put the pencil, with the chain still attached, into his waistcoat-pocket.

The last adieux were then spoken.

"Wish me luck in my undertakings," he said, pausing at the door.

Lucy had an uncomfortable impression that his smile, when they had done so, was slightly sardonic in character; but she banished the idea at once, and set about comforting her friend, who was very depressed at her husband's departure.

CHAPTER V.

In the afternoon Doctor Maurice called, and was disappointed to find no abatement in Mrs. Richmond's unpleasant symptoms; she complained of a still greater sensation of uneasiness and oppression.

"Perhaps Mr. Richmond's leaving has upset you a little. At any rate, we will not alter the treatment for a day or two; it is not well to decide too hastily in these cases."

"Don't forget to come again to-morrow, doctor. Lucy and I will be dreadfully dull now, my husband has gone."

"Well, may I pay my visit to-morrow in the evening, instead of in the afternoon" Mr. Richmond was kind enough to ask me to do so occasionally during his absence; and then I could stay for an hour or two, if it would be agreeable to you."

"It is the very thing I would have asked you; I only hesitated because I thought I should be such a very dull companion. Will you dine with us? Honestly, Doctor, I should be grateful to you if you would. I cannot bear the idea of Lucy's being shut up for a fortnight with no other society than mine; I am afraid her spirits would suffer severely."

"I will come with much pleasure; but I do not think you need worry yourself about Miss Starr. What a beautiful happy face she has," he added warmly.

Mrs. Richmond looked at the young man with a pleased attentive expression before she answered—

"Yes; and she is as good as she is beautiful. I love her very dearly."

"I don't wonder at it," he went on impulsively; and then, feeling that he had said a good deal in the circumstances, he wished her a good-bye hastily, and went away without seeing Lucy, who, coming in a minute or two afterwards from a walk in the village, found Mrs. Richmond laughing softly to herself as she lay upon the sofa.

"Why, dear, you look quite cheerful. Who has been amusing you?"

"Oh, Doctor Maurice has just left. I don't know that he was particularly funny, and yet he amused me."

"But how?" asked Lucy, enquiringly. "Do tell me, I should like to know."

"I have no doubt you would, but I shall not gratify your curiosity, as I doubt whether you would see the point of the joke. Never mind dear," she added artfully, laughing again at Lucy's disappointed face; "you will have an opportunity to-morrow of asking him yourself, if you like, for he is—now prepare for a thunderbolt—he is going to dine with us!"

"No?" exclaimed Lucy incredulously. "Why, you surely never asked him?"

"Well, he certainly did not invite himself. But have you any objection to his coming, dear?" she continued, the slightest indication of a twinkle in her gray eyes. "Because, if you have, I can easily put him off until another day."

"Oh, no; don't do that," said Lucy. "What objection could I have? I shall be very glad for him to come on your account, as his society certainly seems to do you good."

"Very well then, dear; you will have to exert yourself to amuse him. You know I am a poor thing in company at the best of times; I shall depend entirely upon you, remember."

"Oh, I don't think he will be at all difficult to entertain!" returned Lucy cheerfully.

The next morning when she awoke, her mind was filled with the anticipation of something pleasant.

"What can be going to happen?" she thought. "I feel just as I used to do when I was a child, and awoke upon the morning of our Christmas holiday-treat to the pantomime. Good gracious"—as a sudden light broke through her reflections—"it must be that Doctor Maurice is coming to dinner?"

For an instant she looked grave and almost startled; but the next moment she sprang out of bed and commenced her toilette, singing a gay song the while, and looking the embodiment of health and happiness.

She went into Mrs. Richmond's room, which adjoined hers, on her way down to breakfast.

She was feeling no better; but was relieved at having received a letter from Edgar, dated from Boulogne. He was well and was starting for Paris that afternoon. The letter was so affectionate and kind, that poor Mrs. Richmond almost shed tears over it.

"Now, Lucy dear, I must get you to arrange everything with Mrs. Mitchell about the dinner, for I am quite unequal to the task this morning. I am beginning to fear that this medicine of Doctor Maurice's does not suit me; I have slept worse than ever the last two nights. Tell Mrs. Mitchell to have everything as nice as possible, and, Lucy dear, go and talk to the gardener about the fruit and flowers. How bright and fresh you are, dear child! It does one good even to look at you," continued Mrs. Richmond, kissing her. "Now have your breakfast and then go out into the sunshine—I cannot have you shutting yourself up with me this fine weather."

Lucy enjoyed the little bustle of preparing for their visitor, and good old Mrs. Mitchell gladly seconded her efforts.

"Ah, miss, I should be glad if missus would keep a little company. It would do her all the good in the world. But there—you can't wonder at her. She had an awful life of it with her parents, poor thing. I was with her, you know, miss, when they both died, and I have been at her house ever since. I can tell you I was surprised when I heard she was going to be married, and to such a young gentleman too! But there—I dare say it's all for the best. He seems very fond of her—though, between you and me, miss, I don't fancy he's quite so sweet tempered as missus thinks! I heard him speak awful sharp to Tom the other morning about one of the horses; and when he passed me a moment afterwards, his face was like a demon's. In fact, none of us down in the kitchen like him, except Evans, and he seems very confidential-like with his master. I am sure I hope he will be kind to her, for she is a good woman if ever there was one—though her manner is peculiar to people as she don't take a fancy to. Many and many a poor thing has she saved from want on her father's estate. And how do you think she is, miss? Do you think the new doctor seems to be understanding her complaint?"

Mrs. Mitchell was a dear garrulous old woman, with whom Lucy liked to have a chat. She was beloved by every one in the house, and, unlike housekeepers in general, filled a most motherly position towards all the younger servants.

In due course of time Doctor Maurice arrived, and dinner was announced almost immediately. They had a very pleasant sociable meal, Mrs. Mitchell insisting on being in the room to superintend Fanny, the young parlor-maid, who was not used to waiting; her face beaming with approval of the proceedings.

After dinner Doctor Maurice accompanied the ladies at once into the drawing-room, where Lucy poured out coffee. They soon found that he could sing very well, and he and Lucy tried some duets together, their voices blending delightfully, Mrs. Richmond declared.

"Ah, you like music, Mrs. Richmond. Are you equally fond of painting?"

"Quite, I think," she replied.

"I suppose you have seen all the celebrated old masters during your travels?" he continued, trying to draw her into conversation. "My knowledge of them is confined to our National Gallery and the Louvre."

"And so is mine," said Lucy.

"Then you both have a great pleasure in store."

It would be difficult to say what there was in this speech that made both Doctor Maurice and Lucy blush consciously; but they did.

Doctor Maurice quickly recovering his usual self-possession, went on—

"Now tell me, did you ever see anywhere a picture that struck you as being finer in treatment or sentiment than that dead Christ of Francia's at our National Gallery? It always seems to me that the picture breathes the very spirit of religious feeling, and is absolutely perfect."

Lucy agreed with Doctor Maurice in his admiration of Francia's masterpiece, but Mrs. Richmond said, with some hesitation—

"No doubt you will think me very eccentric, but I cannot feel any pleasure in looking at that picture—in fact it inspires me with a sensation of repulsion almost. My reason, I know would sound a very foolish one; but I cannot get over it."

"Have you any objection to telling us what it is?" asked Doctor Maurice in an interested tone. "I must own to being curious on the subject."

"No; I will tell you, though I fear I shall suffer in your respect. I have, and have had as long as I can remember, a positive horror of intensely red hair. When I see it in a picture it makes me shudder; and I recollect once, when I was a child, sitting in a room with a man who had that blood-red hair until I felt quite faint, and had to be taken out in the air. This peculiarity interfered with my enjoyment in many of the galleries abroad. Edgar was quite annoyed with me one day because I begged him not to buy a very fine copy of a Magdalen with red hair, which he had previously made up his mind to purchase; however, he gave way when he understood my strong feeling on the subject: I could not have endured a room with it on the walls." She was getting excited and agitated. "Please let us talk of something else," she added; "to think of these things makes me quite uncomfortable," and she shuddered as she spoke.

Doctor Maurice, regretting his curiosity sincerely, did his best to lead the conversation into healthier channels, but it flagged; and, seeing that his hostess looked very tired and worn, he proposed going earlier than he intended.

"Lucy dear, perhaps you would not mind letting Doctor Maurice out yourself."

"Not at all," she replied.

"Good night, Doctor; I am afraid I have quite shocked you with my silly antipathies."

"Oh, not at all! Do not think of it again to-night. We have all antipathies of one sort or other, and, thank goodness, people with the offensive color are not very common. Thank you for a very pleasant evening. I shall come again to-morrow, and will bring some fresh medicine with me, as I intend altering the treatment a little. Good night."

While he was getting his hat and coat in the hall, he said to Lucy—

"Don't let her go to bed yet; try to get her into some other train of thought first. I am awfully sorry I started that red-hair subject; I am afraid it has quite upset her. I managed just to feel her pulse as I was shaking hands, and it is much too feverish and quick. I am sorry to make you anxious, Miss Starr; but I thought it was right to mention it to you. Good night; I have had such a very pleasant evening, I shall want to come again very soon."

"I am sure we shall both be delighted to see you," Lucy responded sweetly; and then he went, and she stood and watched his tall manly figure until it was no longer visible.

She went back to the drawing-room with a sigh. He had made her very uneasy, for she too had noticed that Mrs. Richmond seemed singularly distressed during the conversation relating to her peculiar antipathy.

She was still racking her brains in search of an interesting topic when she opened the door. She had no need, however, to have troubled herself.

Mrs. Richmond was walking up and down the room restlessly, and directly Lucy appeared, astonished her with the question—

"Lucy, what fortune have you?"

She was a person of most sensitive delicacy with regard to other people's affairs, so Lucy's surprise was not to be wondered at: she answered at once, however—

"A hundred a year. It was left to me by my godmother, two years ago."

"And is that all you have?" persisted Mrs. Richmond. "Shall you not inherit anything from your father?"

"No, indeed," replied Lucy cheerfully. "I am quite provided for, thanks to my godmother. Dear old dad will leave everything he has, which is not much, bless him, to my sisters."

"Well, child, it is not much, is it? But it is enough to keep you from want; and I dare say you will marry some day."

"Oh, I don't expect so," said Lucy hastily. "I am quite content and happy as I am."

"That I quite believe, dear," agreed her friend, who then relapsed into quiet thought.

After a short time she said she was tired, and would like to go to bed; and Lucy, seeing she was so much calmer, offered no objection, and led the way up-stairs. She waited with Mrs. Richmond until she was in bed, and then bent over her to kiss her and say good night.

"Heaven bless you, dear child!" said Mrs. Richmond. "How good you are to me. I wish I could do as much for your happiness as you are doing for mine. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

Scarcely had Lucy laid her head upon the pillow, before she was transported into the most delightful dreamland. For a time everything was blissful content; but suddenly the sky became clouded, and she found herself toiling along up a weary hill, the rain descending in torrents and the thunder crashing overhead. Presently there came a terrific clap, and she sprang up in bed awake, and trembling in every limb.

As she did so a most appalling shriek broke upon the quiet night. Great Heavens, whence did it proceed?

Paralyzed with horror, she remained quite still an instant, and then she heard a rushing sound pass her room, and a door softly close in the distance. Again and again the awful shrieks filled the house.

"Heavens, it is Mrs. Richmond!" Lucy cried. "I am coming—I am coming, dear!"

And without a thought of self or the danger she might encounter, the young girl flew through the passage into her friend's room.

She found her alone in a most pitiable condition of terror—moaning and trembling in an agony of fear.

"What is it, dear?" asked Lucy, taking her in her arm and soothing her like a child. "You are safe now. You have been dreaming."

"Oh, Lucy! hide me, hide me! I shall go mad if I see it again."

"See what, dear?" faltered Lucy.

"I don't know," gasped Mrs. Richmond shuddering. "I had fallen asleep, and I felt something touch my foot; and when I opened my eyes it stood there at the end of the bed glaring at me! Oh, don't leave me, for Heaven's sake, don't leave me!"

"My dearest, I would not leave you for the world. I am only going to ring the bell to wake Mrs. Mitchell."

"Yes, yes; let us have her here too, in case he may come again; pray Heaven he may not."

"Was it a man then, dear?" asked Lucy, remembering the sound she had heard in the passage.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Richmond, still shuddering and hiding her face on Lucy's shoulder; "a man with a horrible white face! And, oh, Lucy, his fearful hair! It hung down on each side of his ghastly face like a curtain of blood! The sight of it will haunt me as long as I live. Oh, why did Edgar leave me?" she moaned. "Send for him—send for him at once—say I shall go mad without him!"

"Yes, dear, I will, the first thing in the morning; but you must try to compose yourself now, for all our sakes, if not for your own."

By this time Mrs. Mitchell was with them. She also had heard the shrieks; but she slept much farther off. Her motherly, homely presence quieted Mrs. Richmond to some extent, and she was able to talk more calmly and reasonably on the subject of her terror.

Mrs. Richmond persisted that it was no dream; she distinctly felt the hand upon her foot before she say the figure. Lucy then told of the rushing sound she had heard, and expressed her opinion that somebody must have made an entry into the house for the purpose of robbery.

"Of course it is known," she added, "that there are only women here now!"

"Ah, child, you say that to comfort me; but I am certain that was no living presence that was in the room to-night!"

Finding that they could not argue her out of the belief that her horrible visitor was supernatural, Lucy was persuaded by Mrs. Mitchell to go to her room and dress.

"Go, my dear miss," urged the good woman, "or we shall be having you laid up next, and I'll take care of missus while you are away."

"Come back as soon as possible, Lucy; I feel safer with you by me."

Lucy required no incentive to hurry, for, although of a very brave temperament, her nerves were completely unstrung. She however quite believed in her own mind that the figure was not supernatural in any way, and determined to make a thorough examination of the premises down-stairs—more particularly of the cellars—directly it was light.

CHAPTER VI.

DAYLIGHT was breaking when Lucy returned to Mrs Richmond's room. The poor woman was still in a most hysterical condition, alternating between violent attacks of sobying and paroxysms of shuddering terror.

Mrs. Mitchell looked gravely at Lucy, and shook her head significantly.

"Don't you think we had better send one of the girls to ask the Doctor to come down as early as possible, miss?" she said. "I dare say missus would feel easier like if she consulted him; and he's a clever young gentleman, and will advise us what to do to prevent the fellow getting in again."

Although the old housekeeper adopted this reassuring tone, Lucy could see it was entirely assumed for the purpose of quieting the fears of her mistress, and that she was in fact fully impressed with the truth of the ghostly character of the terrible apparition.

"Yes," agreed Lucy. "You would like to see Doctor Maurice; wouldn't you, dear?"

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Richmond, who was by this time almost exhausted; "send for him; but don't you leave me."

"No, ma'am; don't you trouble; we won't leave you—never you fear! Now you keep still for a little while, and see if you cannot get a wink of sleep."

"I feel as if I should never sleep again," declared Mrs. Richmond, her sobs getting fainter and fainter.

"But try, ma'am; and Miss Lucy dear, do you lie down on the sofa and do the same. Why, you look quite pale and worn out!"

The housekeeper could not have used a stronger argument than this last to quiet Mrs. Richmond, who, in the midst of her terror and suffering, still retained her unselfishness.

"Poor child, I have frightened her! Lie down, dear, and I will try to be quiet for your sake."

"And I'll sit in this arm-chair and keep watch over you both," added Mrs. Mitchell.

Strangely enough, in less than a quarter of an hour they were all three soundly asleep, completely exhausted by the excitement they had gone through.

When Mrs. Mitchell, who was the first to awake, looked at the clock, she found it was eight.

"Why, gracious me," she said to herself, "we have been asleep for four hours; that ought to do missus good! Poor soul! I wonder what that was a warning of in the night? I hope nothing has happened to master; but I doubt me. I won't disturb 'em; but I'll go and send off for the doctor now, and make them a cup of tea. Bless her pretty face," she added, looking at Lucy, "she's like a sunbeam in the house! She'll make a good man happy some day, or I'm much mistaken."

They were still sleeping when Mrs. Mitchell returned to the room, bearing in her hand a tray with two cups of tea.

A slight noise she made in setting it down awakened Mrs. Richmond, and immediately after Lucy opened her eyes.

"Why, I have surely been asleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond, in amazement.

"That you have, ma'am, for nearly five hours; it must have done you a world of good."

"Well, I certainly don't fell so bad as I should have expected to; but then, you know, I have not slept so many consecutive hours for weeks."

"Now, you drink this cup of tea, and I'll put the room tidy. Doctor Maurice will be here before we know where we are."

Ten minutes later, he was ushered in, looking flushed with the hurry he had made.

He remained with Mrs. Richmond some little time, and then descended to the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Mitchell with her.

"Oh, Doctor Maurice," cried Lucy, who was anxiously awaiting him, "I am so thankful to see you! We have had such an awful night!"

"Yes, indeed, you must have had!" he said kindly. "I was quite grieved to hear such a dreadful account from the servant; it must have shocked you terribly! I cannot say I am altogether surprised," he continued. "She was in a dreadfully nervous condition when I left last night. I did not want to frighten you unnecessarily; but I was really alarmed, and intended coming this morning instead of in the afternoon."

"But why should her nerves have anything to do with it? Surely you don't suppose it was a ghost she saw?"

"Not I, indeed!" he returned, laughing. "I don't believe in them a bit; but I feel certain it was a case of spectral illusion. Her nerves were just in the highly-wrought condition that would induce an illusion of that kind. And what completely convinces me is the fact of the spectre having red hair. Between ourselves, I believe that unfortunate conversation of ours has been the cause of it all."

"You must forgive me for disagreeing with you," said Lucy. "I am firmly persuaded that a man did enter Mrs. Richmond's room in the night with the idea of robbing her, and that her shrieks so startled him that he rushed away without achieving his purpose; for I am quite sure, after her first scream, which awakened me, I heard some one brush past my room, and immediately after, shut the door softly at the head of the stairs. I was so convinced of this that, had it been possible to leave her for an instant, I should have followed down-stairs."

"Thank Heaven you did not!" Doctor Maurice said earnestly. "You would have been running a fearful risk if there had been any one there. I still think, however, that your imagination played you false, as well as hers. You must remember you had just been startled out of a deep sleep. And is it likely now that any thief would deliberately wake Mrs. Richmond up by touching her foot?"

"No! That, I quite agree with you, must have been fancy."

"And the rest too, you may depend upon that," he said conclusively. "But, from whatever cause the fright arose, the result is just as alarming. She must not be left alone at night again, as—I feel bound to tell you—another attack of the same sort might have the most serious consequences. She has rallied from this wonderfully; but it has been a severe shock to her constitution."

"Then I suppose we had better urge Mr. Richmond to return at once?"

"Yes, his wife is going to write to him. I would rather she had left it to you; but she must not be opposed. And what are you going to do with yourself?" he added.

"In the first place, I am going to explore the cellars. Although you have so little faith in my burglar theory, I shall not be easy until I have quite satisfied myself there is no outlet from them."

"Let me come with you, then," he said softly. "And, when we have finished there, I want you to come with me for a drive by the sea-shore. I have to visit a patient at a farm-house five miles from here, and a good blow will do you good; you don't look the better for your trying night." Seeing that Lucy hesitated he went on—"Mrs. Richmond told me she hoped you would go, and she will write her letter while we are away. I advised her not to describe the events too minutely, as it would be so very alarming to him. The fact is, I put it in that way, hoping that consideration for his feelings may prevent her dwelling too much on the subject herself."

Lucy no longer demurred, but agreed to go with pleasure. They then went down into the cellars; but, after carefully examining them, they could find no trace of any opening. Lucy however still held resolutely to her original impression that some one did pass her door in the night; and, finding it impossible to shake her conviction, Doctor Maurice dropped the subject, and crying, "Now let us get out of this gloomy place into the sunshine and air!" led the way up stairs.

Lucy went to put on her hat and say good-bye to her friend before starting. Mrs. Richmond was busily writing; the housekeeper sitting working by her.

"Good-bye, dear," she said; "I hope you will enjoy your drive. Don't worry about me; Mrs. Mitchell will stay with me until you return. I don't like to see your cheeks so pale. I dare say I shall be down before you are home."

Directly they had gone, Mrs. Richmond said to her companion—

"I sent Miss Starr out on purpose, Mitchell. I wish to make a slight alteration in my will, and I would rather she did not know anything about it. Will you call Emily? I shall want both your signatures as witnesses."

The housemaid was accordingly called, and Mrs. Richmond took the will from out of her escritoire. After writing a few minutes, she called the two women to witness the signing of her name; and when they had both written theirs, the form was resealed and locked up again.

"There," she thought, "I feel easier now that it is done. I am sure Edgar is too good to find fault, and it will be such a help to them."

She finished her letter, and giving it to Mrs. Mitchell with directions to send it to the post at once, went down to await the return of Doctor Maurice and Lucy.

Before they reached Fernhurst, Doctor Maurice again impressed on Lucy that Mrs. Richmond must not be left alone at night.

"And I shall stop the brandy and water," he said. "I must make a complete alteration in the treatment."

He would not stay to luncheon, though Mrs. Richmond pressed him to do so, saying he did not wish to wear out his welcome.

Lucy slept in her friend's room during the three succeeding nights, but nothing occurred to disturb them in any way; and to her great delight, the invalid seemed to be decidedly improving.

"I am very glad," said Doctor Maurice, when he saw how well his patient was progressing. "Your complaint baffled me at first, I must confess; but now I feel sure I shall conquer it."

The fourth morning brought the following letter from Edgar—

"My dearest Wife.—I cannot tell you how much your letter, which I have only just received, alarmed and distressed me. I cannot bear to think of your sufferings, and shall return home immediately, although matters over here are far from satisfactory. You will probably receive this in the morning, and I shall follow it in person the same evening. The boat does not get in until rather late, I believe; and as I don't know which train I shall be able to catch, I cannot tell you the exact time to expect me. Any way, I cannot hope to be with you until twelve or one o'clock. Pray don't let any one sit up for me. I shal! walk from the station, and can let myself in with my latch-key; then I will come straight to you. Good-bye, my dearest.

Ever your most loving husband,

EDGAR."

"P. S.—By-the-bye, I hope you will not be disagreeably surprised at my appearance; I have had my moustache shaved off since I have been here."

"Then Mrs. Mitchell or I had better sit up with you until he comes," suggested Lucy.

"No; I should not like you to do that. I am sure Edgar would be annoyed if any one sat up."

"But we could easily lie down on the sofa," persisted Lucy, recollecting Doctor Maurice's injunction.

"No, my dear; I do not wish it; you may remain with me until twelve, if you will; and then I can only have a very few minutes to wait. If I want anything, I can ring the bell at the head of my bed which communicates with your room."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF a man would be rich and feels that he cannot be happy until he is in possession of more goods than his fellows there is a way to become so. One is to be mean, stingy, grasping, intent ever on gaining more and spending less. He can stint himself and family, deny his wife and children the privileges that are cheerfully accorded the little ones of poorer men, and in every way make himself and family bend to the severest conditions that he has devised. This is one of the ways to wealth, and a way that is not likely to commend itself to honest men. Then there are other roads to the accumulation of wealth. A man may become rich by theft, by fraud, by speculation and various other ways more or less questionable. But it is not this kind of wealth that the poor man envies, for he could not accept it under the conditions it was acquired. Besides, as a rule, with few exceptions, the wealth acquired in a dishonorable way cannot be retained, and slips almost quick as it came.

Two students ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open." "Where?" exclaimed the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."

EACH day, each week, each week, each month, each year, is a chance given you. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life.

Bric-a-Brac.

NEVER GROWING OLD.—As a fish has no maturity there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. We cite in proof a pike living in Russia whose age dates back to the fifteenth century. In the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there 140 years.

FOR PAPER MAKING.—Mechanical wood-pulp for paper-making is produced by simply rasping wood by suitable machinery in contact with a stream of water. By this means the fibres are teased out, and are not deprived of any of the constituents eliminated by chemical treatment. Such pulp comes largely from Sweden and Norway, where the raw material, wood, abounds together with an abundance of water. Mechanical wood-pulp is used only for inferior papers. The material of cardboard sample-boxes is almost entirely wood-pulp of this description.

WAGNER AND DUMAS.—Richard Wagner, the music composer, generally received his visitors in medieval costumes, such as he always wore when composing. Alexander Dumas, the great French author, calling on him one day, was highly amused at the masquerade. "You are all dressed up to play Gessler," said Dumas, with his good-natured laugh, which rather hurt the feelings of the author of "Tannhauser," who nevertheless returned M. Dumas' visit when next he was at Paris. After some considerable delay M. Dumas appeared at last, dressed magnificently in a dressing-gown with a large flower pattern, a helmet with flying plumes, a life-belt round his waist, and enormous riding boots. "Pardon me," said he, majestically, "for appearing in my working costume. I can do nothing without being dressed in this manner. Half of my ideas live in this helmet and the other half are lodged in my boots, which are indispensable to me when I write my love scenes."

THE FALL OF PLATO.—Plato, the great philosopher of ancient Greece, was always surrounded by his scholars, who took a lively interest in his glory. Three of these he taught to rival Aristotle, and it became their mutual interest to depreciate his merits. Unfortunately, one day Plato found himself in his school without these three favorite scholars. Aristotle flies to him—a crowd gathers and enters with him. The idol whose oracles they wished to overturn was presented to them. He was then a respectable old man, the weight of whose years had enfeebled his memory. The combat was not long. Some rapid sophisms embarrassed Plato. He saw himself surrounded by the inevitable traps of the subtlest logician. Vanquished, he reproached his ancient scholar by a beautiful figure: "He has kicked against us as a colt against his mother." Soon after this humiliating adventure he ceased to give public lectures. Aristotle remained master in the field of battle.

A CHINESE DINNER.—A letter from a naval officer stationed at Foochow, China, gives a friend a graphic description of a dinner he was at at Amoy: "The other day I was invited to a Chinese dinner. It was a most wonderful undertaking—thirty-nine courses, and sitting for three hours and a half eating with chopsticks and drinking samshee, which is a sort of wine distilled from rice, hot, in small teacups. There was a great similarity in the dishes, the principal being pork fat and garlic. We had birds'-nest soup and sharks' fins; ducks' tongues were also amongst the delicacies of the tables. After every dish the hosts pledges you in a cup of samshee, and the right thing was to empty and turn the cup upside down; but in a very short time one became most expert in spilling the contents under the table—a most necessary precaution, as the liquor was very strong. In the middle of dinner pipes were handed about, and during the whole entertainment the singing girls squalled, and the wind instruments bellowed hideously."

MAGPIES.—Though not destitute of virtues, magpies are desperate thieves. Anything they think you are particularly careful over, and set store by, they set their hearts upon at once. They watch their opportunity, steal quietly in, and pounce upon the ring, or brooch, or spoon, or whatever it may be, and carry it off before any one can see them. Sometimes this is very unpleasant, as no one can tell what has become of the missing thing, and perhaps some one is accused of stealing it, while Master Magpie sits and looks as innocent as possible, keeping a bright eye turned upon his stolen treasure. They hit upon very odd places to hide the thing in. One magpie kept his stored in the chimney of an old house, and it was a long time before the hiding place was discovered. Another pecked a hole in the thatch of an old barn, and in this he put all sorts of things, chiefly silver spoons or forks. They can be taught to speak quite distinctly. There is an amusing story told of a magpie who walked into a country chapel. It kept very quite until the service begun; but then it thought the time had come for its sweet voice to be heard, and it walked up the aisle, gravely bowing, and saying, "Pretty Mag, pretty Mag!" as if introducing itself to the congregation.

OVER-DISCIPLINE is as harmful as the lack of discipline. It may be worse, for if a child is let alone, there is a chance for a natural development for good; but if a child is continually prodded with rules and directions it may grow rebellious. Its obstinacy is aroused and its finer feelings are blunted.

THE TIME OF REST.

BY J. C.

O weary hands! that, all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song.
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze;
"'Tis time for rest!' 'tis time for rest!"

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, what heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!' 'tis time for rest!

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE day was wearing on towards the afternoon, the sunshine had faded behind a gray bank of clouds; the wind was whistling through the branches of the leafless trees; a carriage drove by containing two ladies, wrapped to the chin in furs, a pretty girl on horseback rode slowly by with a young man, whose hand was on her horse's neck, as he leaned forward to speak to her, with a steadfast look on his pleasant face, and the girl was blushing and smiling.

It was a pretty little picture, an idyll of real life, after which Maud looked, with a wistful, longing glance in her sweet, sad eyes, then she rose abruptly.

"Shall we go on?" she said, and as they rose and walked down the avenue, she slipped her hand through Lord Dereham's arm, with an almost childish longing for comfort and support.

The young man put his strong, warm fingers over it in a protecting clasp.

He was so sorry for her, so very, very sorry that his sorrow almost equalled his love.

He was anxious and restless and unhappy: he could see no way of helping her, or saving her from the ordeal which was before her, of bringing back the old wild-rose tint to her cheek and the old sweet smile to her eyes.

He wondered as they went on, while her little fingers lay passive under his, how all this would end.

"What time did you say the train went?" Maud asked presently.

"At half-past three. Are you very tired, Maud?"

"Not tired at all," she replied. "If there had been time, I should like to have gone to the cathedral."

"There will be plenty of time to go, Maud, before service, if you like," he said very quickly. "But you will be tired; it is a long way."

"You seem to forget what a good walker I am," she said, in her pretty, sorrowful voice, which was all the more sorrowful because she tried to make it light.

"You seem altogether so unlike the Maud Kinsley I know," he said, smiling half sadly, "that——"

"I seem like a stranger, perhaps," she said, with a little tuneless laugh. "But surely I have reason to be altered. The Maud Kinsley you used to know is gone forever."

"I hope not—I believe not! She is under a cloud just now, from which she will emerge brighter than ever."

"Never!" the girl said drearily. "She has grown older by many years in a few days. Sometimes I wonder how it is my hair has not turned gray!" she added, with another laugh which made him wince a little in spite of himself.

She looked at him quickly.

"Do I hurt you? Forgive me!" she said gently. "Do you know that when I left him there to-day, when the door was locked, and—I felt as if I had murdered him?"

"Maud! Maud!" he said entreatingly, while a jealous pang shot through his heart to think how greatly she loved this man.

"You don't know. You don't know," she said passionately. "Some day, if you ever should know, you perhaps will think that it would have been almost as well."

They walked on a few steps in silence; two or three carriages passed them, they were drawing near the town, the spire of the cathedral rose clearly against the sky.

"Is there nothing I can do, Maud?" he asked presently, in a very low, pained tone. "Can I help you or Mr. Graeme in any way?"

She looked at him eagerly, the thought struck her that his great wealth, his lofty station, might avail much in assisting Arnold's plan of escape.

"Would you help him if you could?" she asked quickly.

"I would help you, Maud; aye, and him, for your sake," he answered gravely and earnestly.

"For my sake," she caught her breath with a sigh which was almost a sob.

They were in the town now, and she had taken her hand from his arm and was walking beside him.

Slight and graceful in her furs, Lord Dereham saw that more than one passer-by turned to look a second time at the beautiful, troubled face.

They walked on in silence, until they reached the cathedral; a side door was open, and they went in together.

It was a beautiful building, of great antiquity but in excellent preservation; the nave was supported by great stone pillars, the black and white marble of the floor was laid down in great square blocks, while the stained windows made a dim and religious light.

The church appeared empty, but the organist was playing, and a rich, full stream of solemn harmony rose and fell, filling the building with sweetness.

Maud sat down on a chair beside one of the great stone pillars, the earl stood beside her, leaning against the pillar, grave and motionless.

The girl's face was turned to the organ, she was listening with a rapt look on her face, which was unutterably weary, unspeakably sad.

The music rose and fell; now a loud, triumphant Te Deum seemed to rise to heaven, then a soft, plaintive Miserere, which fell upon the unhappy girl's aching, suffering heart with a gentle, healing touch.

She was dazed, confused with misery—there seemed no help for her on earth. Since she had left the castle, Graeme's pale, rigid, anguished face had haunted her.

Gilbert's sin in letting him suffer in his stead seemed more horrible than ever—more cowardly, more base; she herself seemed more despicable for permitting, for accepting such a sacrifice.

Her heart seemed ready to break, her temples were throbbing, her eyes were hot and burning; but as the music fell upon her ear in the dim light of the grand old church where men had worshipped for so many centuries, her head sank forward on her hands, and she knew the blessed relief of tears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AND you think it can be done, then, Nicholas?"

"I think there is no doubt about it, my lord, if your lordship wishes to do it."

"Safely done?"

"Quite safely, your lordship."

There was no hesitation in the servant's manner, neither was there the least trace of boastfulness or self-assertion; he spoke quietly as if he were simply stating a fact which was already self-evident.

His master, looking at him keenly, saw no expression on his face which told of doubt or irresolution.

His own troubled countenance cleared somewhat, and he glanced down at the letter he held, a single, closely-written sheet of paper.

"The affair seems to me to be wrapped in mystery," the earl remarked. "Mr. Graeme strongly asserts his innocence, yet, if he be innocent, why should he fear the trial when in all probability his innocence would be proved? The whole thing is quite incomprehensible to me."

Nicholas waited in respectful silence; it was no part of his duty, unless desired to do so, to attempt to throw a light on the mystery, even if he were able to do so, which, just then, he was not.

"He appeals to me in the strongest terms," Lord Dereham continued, a slight flush rising in his dark cheek as he thought in whose name and for whose sake Arnold had appealed to him. "There will be no difficulty, he says, in getting out of the castle; his warder has promised that, and the warder must escape with him. I suppose gold has been powerful."

"Gold is usually powerful, your lordship," Nicholas answered, with a grave smile.

"It would not be in every case," Lord Dereham replied, as he rose and began to walk up and down the library, looking greatly disturbed and troubled. "You would not betray your trust for gold, Nicholas?"

"The warder may have other motives, your lordship. Mr. Graeme is a clever gentleman, no doubt, and can talk well. The household at Ivyholme are all devoted to him, and would do anything for him."

"Mr. Graeme says that he has a reason for knowing that he can depend on this man's fidelity," Lord Dereham remarked thoughtfully. "His only difficulty is how to arrange his escape after he leaves the prison, and it is for this he asks my help. My own inventive powers are utterly at fault; Nicholas, can you suggest any plan? I feel rather like a conspirator, or a character in a three-volume novel," he added rather wearily, as he threw himself back in his chair, the pained expression, which had grown almost usual to the handsome, haggard face, deepening as he leaned his head back upon the cushions, and once more unfolded the sheet of paper he held, and glanced at it, or rather read it, with some attention, although it was not the first or the second time of perusal.

It was signed "Arnold Graeme," and ran as follows—

"My dear Lord Dereham,

"That you will be surprised at hearing from me at all I cannot but be aware, and that the contents of this letter will surprise you greatly I know also, but I know, too, that you are just and generous, and if you refuse, as perhaps you will, to grant the earnest request I am writing you, you will, I am quite sure, keep my counsel. A few lines you wrote me, immediately after my arrival here, contained an offer of help and assistance. I declined it then; now, if you are still willing to hold out a helping hand to me, I will accept it gladly, and with unfeigned gratitude. At the same time I am quite aware that the assistance you offered me is not the assistance I am about to ask, and that if you refuse, which I earnestly hope you will not, I cannot complain or blame you. During my stay here quiet reflection has forced me to own that the prospect of a trial is one I cannot face. My reasons are many and weighty, and I think you will understand that they are not solely selfish ones. It is not so much the result I fear, as the trial itself, and the pain it will inflict on those whom I esteem; on one, especially, whom I honor above all others. It is in her name that I appeal to you; it is for her sake that I ask you to help me.

"The other day, when you so generously brought her to me here, I told her my plan of escape; through her I am sure of the fidelity of my warder,—that is, his fidelity to her and to me, not to his charge. I have convinced him that in helping me he is assisting an innocent man, and he is willing, for Maud's sake, to run the risk. His own movements will not depend upon mine, he will manage his own escape; we shall separate when we stand outside the Castle walls. My own movements I cannot decide upon, as I am friendless and alone. I fear that without assistance, I shall be recaptured; with some assistance from without, I can make good my escape,—how, I cannot tell, since shut up here, I am powerless to make any arrangements.

"It is in these I ask your help; without it I will relinquish my attempt. Why I come to you, comparatively a stranger, is easy to understand. As I have said, I believe you to be generous; I know you to be powerful and wealthy. Your eagerness that the guilt of your keeper's death should be brought home to the criminal would prevent suspicion falling upon you, even if you were less highly placed; as it is, it cannot touch you. You can communicate to me through the warder, whose assistance I have secured; his name is Dean, and I know him to be faithful and devoted. I leave all in your hands; do not refuse me lightly, I pray you. Appearances are not always to be depended on, and the service you will render will not be only to me, but to her. I ask it for her dear sake."

Lord Dereham had read the letter through before he looked up at his servant, and repeated his question.

"Can you suggest anything, Nicholas?"

"My plan, your lordship, would be this," Nicholas answered, gravely and quietly: "Mr. Graeme will, in all likelihood, leave the castle at night; a vehicle, which, with your lordship's permission, I would drive, would be in waiting for him under the walls; it would contain a complete disguise, which Mr. Graeme would put on. We should drive here, and Mr. Graeme, still with your lordship's permission, could remain for a few days here until the first excitement was over, when it would be easy for him to make his own arrangements for leaving England."

"The risk would be enormous," said the earl, anxiously.

"Pardon me, your lordship, the risk would be very small. Mr. Graeme could be so disguised that your lordship could not recognize him, and during his stay here he might feign illness, or rather indisposition. If your lordship is really desirous that he should escape, I will undertake the details if your lordship will allow me."

There was a long silence; the earl was hesitating and doubtful; the whole thing was most distasteful to him; the thought of bribing the warder to betray the trust reposed in him was hateful; he did not know that gratitude and not gold was the motive power which had made Dean false to his duty.

At one moment he was ready to refuse decidedly any assistance to the scheme; the next his eyes fell on Graeme's letter, and the words "For her dear sake!" made him start to his feet with an exclamation of pain.

"I must have an hour for consideration," he said hurriedly. "It is not right, I feel that strongly, to try and defeat the ends of justice, but if Mr. Graeme is innocent that may palliate the offence. And then there is the risk. I have no right to include you in it, Nicholas."

"There is no risk, your lordship, and if there were, it would not be the risk which would prevent any of your lordship's servants from carrying out your lordship's wishes," replied the valet quietly, but with a look on his face which spoke for his sincerity.

"I believe that, Nicholas," Lord Dereham said cordially, holding out his hand. "I have proved the fidelity of most of you, especially yours, my kind old friend. But I must think this over more fully before I can decide. Tell them to saddle King Arthur; a good gallop will help to clear the cobwebs from my brain."

There was a clear blue sky overhead, when Lord Dereham rode down the avenue on his black horse, who looked worthy of his gallant rider; there had been a sharp hoar frost, and the fine day lightly on the blades of grass and the branches of the leafless trees, sparkling in the sun, which had not yet had time to melt it.

It was very cold, severely cold for November, but the air was clear and frosty, and cold was pleasanter and easier to bear than the damp, raw weather which had prevailed.

Lord Dereham rode slowly through his stately park, too deep in thought to remember the gallop he had suggested, and King Arthur fretted a little, and tossed his graceful mane, and turned his wistful, beautiful eyes on his rider once or twice, as if he wondered what possessed him not to enjoy the soft turf which was so tempting.

But enjoyment of any kind seemed impossible to Lord Dereham just then. He had been living for days in an atmosphere of suppressed excitement and uncertainty, which was foreign and distasteful to him; he felt guilty and ashamed to meet Doctor Kinsley, and touch his hand, when he thought of his visit to Ilchester with his beautiful daughter, which would have so seriously displeased him.

The very thought of deceit was abhorrent to his honorable nature, and into his life, hitherto so free from care, seemed to have come a heavy trouble which darkened and overshadowed everything, and blotted out his sunshine.

Naturally Maud's trouble affected him most deeply in his great and unselfish love for her; the intense suffering she could not conceal, the alteration in her looks telling so plainly of anguish of mind, her restless and uncertain manner, all touched him with a keen sense of sorrow.

There was so much he could not understand, so much he could not fathom in her distress.

Once or twice it had seemed to him that she could not really love Arnold Graeme, but he had sternly repressed the thought, saying to himself that if she did not love him what was the meaning of her great distress, and her intense anxiety for his welfare.

Yet he could not help his heart throbbing fast as he thought of that day at Ilchester; how she had slipped her hand through his arm so appealingly, and looked up into his face with great tear-bright eyes, as they had walked together under the leafless poplars; now in the Cathedral, when the long, noiseless storm of tears had ended, she had let him lead her away, and take care of her tenderly and consolingly; now, in their brief journey home, she had lain back in the carriage, her pale, pure profile outlined against the dark blue cushions, and had seemed not ill content that he should be by her side.

Poor, pretty, unhappy Maud! She was so unhappy; and he, who loved her, seemed so powerless to help her in any way, unless——

"Did she wish Arnold Graeme to escape?" he wondered. "Did she think it was best and wisest? Did she understand that by such an escape he cut himself off for ever from the hope of clearing his name from its stain? If he fled, the belief in his guilt would be universal; he must leave the country for ever; he must give up Maud! Ah, even if she loved him, could he ask her to share the lot of one exile, dishonored and disgraced?"

Suddenly he lifted his head with an air of decision and turned King Arthur's head in the direction of Berkeley.

He would go to Maud, he thought, and ask her what she wished done.

If she wished him to help Arnold Graeme he knew that he would be powerless to resist or refuse her,—that whatever she wished he would do.

There was a little bitter smile on his lip at the thought, as turning off the high road into a long lane, which, in summer time, was full of shade and the smell of violets, with hedgerows thick with primroses, he saw Maud's pony carriage coming slowly towards him.

Maud was driving, her sister wrapped to her chin in furs, with a great scarlet rug thrown over her, reclining by her side.

Both girls saw him immediately, and the earl saw that while Gwendoline flushed and brightened at sight of him, Maud's face, even her lips, lost all its color, and the sweet eyes drooped, unable to meet his.

Maud pulled in her ponies by the side of the lane, the earl sprang off his horse, and holding the bridle over his arm, advanced eagerly to the side of the neat little carriage.

Gwen smiled, and gave him a cordial greeting; Maud, who was nearest to him, gave him a little clay-cold hand, whose chill reached him through her glove and his own, and after one brief glance at him, sat silent with her long lashes on her cheek.

"I was just going to Ivyholme," Lord Dereham said gently. "I am glad to see you out, Miss Kinsley."

"Our gleams of sunshine will be so few and far between that we cannot afford to lose one of them," Gwen answered smiling. "And Maud has begun to grow such white winter roses that I thought it would do her good also to have a drive. We were just thinking of turning back," she added. "I am getting rather benumbed, notwithstanding my mountain of wraps."

"Will you drive on to the Castle and let Mrs. West have the pleasure of thawing you," suggested Lord Dereham, a little puzzled as to how he would get the private talk with Maud on which he had set his heart. "She will be charmed to see you."

"You are very kind. Papa gave us only an hour's permission," Gwen answered. "And we shall have exceeded that time by the time we reach home. Will you ride back with us, Lord Dereham? Will King Arthur accommodate himself to circumstances?"

"If by circumstances you mean Damon and Pythias, I think he will," Lord Dereham answered, smiling. "How is Gilbert to-day?"

"He is much better; but papa does not feel quite happy about him yet. He thinks his lungs are slightly affected and that he could not stand our winters. He will return to Italy very soon."

"Very soon; before——" Lord Dereham began, then broke off quickly, coloring slightly, as he saw how the color rose for a brief moment to Maud's pale face.

"Gilbert will not be called as a witness, you know," Gwendoline said gently. "And although, of course, he is sorry to leave his friend in trouble, my father's wishes must be his first consideration."

"Of course," the earl answered quietly, and a little silence followed as they went on towards Berkeley, a silence which Maud broke in her pretty, pathetic voice, making some slight remark about the coming winter.

It was infinitely touching in Lord Dereham's eyes, how the girl tried to appear unconcerned and happy, so that her sister might not be troubled, especially might not guess that she had anything to conceal.

She chatted lightly and gaily, in a manner which, to the young man who knew what she was suffering, was more pathetic than any passion of grief could have been.

He did all he could to help her, affecting a gaiety he was far from feeling, and it was only when they reached the house, and Doctor Kinsley came out to carry in his favorite daughter, that all Maud's smiles and dimples faded, and it was a very pale and sorrowful girl who walked into the old oak-panelled hall by the earl's side.

"I must have a few words with you," he whispered to her as Doctor Kinsley carried Gwen into her own little sitting-room; "and the sooner the better, Maud. Try and manage it somehow."

Maud gave him a startled glance, and then nodded quickly as she led the way into the drawing-room.

But Gilbert was there lying on a couch, looking changed and ill.

He brightened up at sight of the earl and rose to give him a cordial greeting, and Maud, with a sickening feeling of disappointment at her heart, turned slowly away and went upstairs to remove her outdoor attire.

When she came down her father had joined the two young men in the drawing-room, and they all stood talking round the fire.

As Maud entered, her father turned and addressed her, not abruptly but merely as if he were continuing the subject on which they had been talking.

"Lord Dereham wants to have a look at the studio, Maud. He declares he has never seen it yet, which seems almost incredible when one remembers what a constant visitor he has been. Take him up and initiate him into its mysteries, if you please. I am busy, and Bertie is afraid of the cold."

"Don't stay up long, Maudie, or we'll have you laid up," her brother said languidly. "There's no fire there you know."

"I will not detain your sister a minute longer than is necessary," Lord Dereham said, looking significantly at Maud, who appeared to be rather bewildered. "Shall we go now?"

She understood him, and turning without a word led the way out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE studio looked dreary and deserted, and the air struck chill as they entered.

It was lighted by a skylight in the roof, and was a large, well-proportioned room, which Maud had furnished in what her inexperience judged was the most suitable style, and that affected by artists and sculptors.

The effect was perhaps rather an incongruous one, but it had a certain picturesque grace about it which was perhaps pleasanter than perfect correctness might have been.

There were quaint Eastern-looking hangings, and a Turkish rug or two, and a wide divan, and two or three comfortable arm-chairs, and one or two great Indian vases on the floor, and bits of quaint old china on brackets on the wall, and a little low chair, covered in Maud's favorite red velvet, stood by the chimney-corner.

There was no fire in the grate; the room looked dusty and neglected, and in some of the vases the ghosts of dead flowers drooped their heads, and added to the air of desolation.

But Lord Dereham heeded none of those things in his admiration for a picture which faced him—from an easel—as he entered, and whose sweet eyes, half-smiling, half-sorrowful, seemed to hold his own.

It was a portrait of Maud, and if as a work of art it was beautiful, as a likeness it was infinitely more so.

It was a half-length picture of Doctor Kinsley's beautiful daughter, and represented her at her best and loveliest.

She stood sideways, with her beautiful face turned towards the gazer, and the light fell full upon it, upon the great loveliness over whose semblance poor Arnold Graeme had lingered with such tender interest, such happiness in the work which to him was indeed a labor of love.

She wore a gown of deep Venetian red velvet, cut square at the white throat, and with sleeves reaching little past the elbow.

Her arms and throat were bare, without any ornament; and the golden hair, whose peculiar pale yet rich color the painter had caught to perfection, was arranged in a picturesque manner, infinitely becoming if slightly outre.

With an irrepressible exclamation of intense pleasure Lord Dereham advanced towards the picture, and stood looking at it with more than admiration in his passionate dark eyes, while Maud felt her own fill with sudden tears.

She understood now why Arnold had been so anxious to finish her portrait, and he had lingered over it with such sad lingering on the morning before the inquest was held at the "Royal George."

In the anxiety and sorrow and suspense of the days which had followed, she had forgotten all about the picture.

"What an exquisite picture!" Lord Dereham said in a very low tone; "and what a perfect likeness! It is not Gilbert's work, is it?"

"No," Maud answered wearily. "Mr. Graeme painted it."

"Ah," the young man said slowly, recalled from his contemplation by the name, and wondering, as he still gazed on the lovely, smiling face, so radiant in its proud young beauty, how he could tell Maud what he wished to tell her.

The girl had sunk down wearily on her little red velvet chair; now that she was free from her sister's tender scrutiny, she dropped all semblance of gaiety, and let her sadness and weariness be apparent; there seemed to be an utter absence of youth's elasticity in her movements; she seemed hopeless and wearied out.

"You wanted to tell me something," she said calmly, but in a voice which had lost all its old music, and sounded muffled and tuneless.

"Yes," he said gently. "Will you read this, Maud, and tell me what I am to do—what you wish me to do?"

He gave her the letter as he spoke; as she glanced at it the color rose in her face, she hesitated for a moment, then unfolding it, read it slowly through.

When she read it, she let the hand which had been holding it fall at her side, and the paper, fluttering out of her nervous fingers, fell to the floor, where it lay, white and still, between them.

"Well?" he said gently.

"How can I answer you?" she replied with a little despairing gesture; "how can I decide for you? I am not calm enough to judge. I can only feel—I can only think," she added with a choked—back sob, "what it cost him to make such an appeal to you."

"And what it cost me to receive it from him," the earl said bitterly: "to receive such an appeal in your name—from your lover, Maud."

"From my lover," she echoed, with a sudden dreary laugh, painful to hear, as it broke the silence of the quiet room.

"Yes; is he not that?—is not that his only claim upon me?" the young man said with sudden passion. "What other has he? If he were not your lover—if you were not interested in his fate—do you think I should care one jot what it was? Do you think I would move my hand to save him from the punishment he deserves?"

"He deserves?" she echoed drearily.

"Yes; does he not deserve it?" the earl asked passionately. "Why should you be so unhappy because a criminal meets with his just deserts? Why should you break your heart about a man who, blessed with your love, can stoop to—— Maud!—forgive me! I did not mean to hurt you, dear. It is out of my own most bitter cup that I have given you to drink."

"Your own most bitter cup," she repeated with white lips; "how is your cup bitter? You are not unjustly accused—you are not called upon to suffer for a crime of which you are innocent—you are not obliged to stoop to plead to one who hates you?"

"Who does not hate," the earl said with sudden passion, "who envies him with all his heart."

"Envies?"

"Yes, because you love him, Maud; don't you see, can't you understand that I would gladly change places with him to know that I possessed the love I crave."

She looked at him blankly. If he knew, she thought, ah, if he knew.

In a moment he spoke again, in a quiet tone this time, for he was ashamed of his disloyalty to the absent lover who was not there to plead his own cause.

"Forgive me, Maud, forget those words, they are unworthy of both of us. Tell me, dear, if you think that this that he suggests will be best for him; if so, I will help him in every way to carry out his plan."

"How can it be best for him?" the girl said drearily; "it will make the world believe him guilty when he is innocent, it will blight all his future life, it will make him an outcast and a fugitive, but—he is willing even to bear that."

"Willing to bear even that if he is innocent," the earl repeated slowly; "Maud, I can conceive no reason strong enough for such a fearful sacrifice, such absolute surrender of every hope. He could not do it if he were innocent; he would risk the trial, anything, rather than brand himself guilty not only of sin but of cowardice."

"You do not know," she murmured, under her breath, "you cannot understand; if you did, perhaps you would wonder even more."

He looked at her compassionately for a moment, then going to her side, took her little cold hand in his.

"Maud, cannot you trust me more fully?" he said very gently; "indeed you may do so truly. If, as you say, Mr. Graeme is guiltless of this which is brought against him, there can be no reason that he should suffer as he suffers now, unless he endures the shame rather than clear himself by a dishonorable act. That is noble, no doubt, but it may be that so great a sacrifice is not required of him.

"I would not, as you know, my child, counsel a disloyal action, but after all, whoever the criminal is should be the sufferer."

The words, gentle as they were spoken, cut Maud to the heart; they were so true, so cruelly true.

"Tell me all the truth, Maud," the young man pleaded earnestly. "You may trust me, ah, surely you may trust me, dear. An old friend like me. What is this man to you that you think him innocent, yet let him suffer? If he is not a criminal, what is he?"

"A martyr," Maud said passionately, throwing up her hands with a little gesture of despair. "He is guiltless of everything save a mad Quixotic generosity. He is a martyr."

"Who then is guilty?" cried the earl, as he rose to his feet.

"My brother," Maud exclaimed, with a burst of anguish as she rose also, leaning her hands on the quaint wooden mantelshelf for support.

"Gilbert?" Lord Dereham said in a tone of incredulous horror.

"Yes, Gilbert."

A heavy, oppressive silence fell upon them, as they stood looking at each other, the earl white as death, the girl calm with the calmness of despair, then Lord Dereham slowly lifted his hand to his brow and pushed back his hair with a bewildered gesture.

"Gilbert," he repeated in a low voice. "Maud, my poor girl, this must have been most terrible for you. How have you borne it? My poor, poor child!"

"Hush!" the girl said passionately; "don't pity me. I cannot bear that. Now that you understand, now that you know the truth, you will be able to judge more clearly, to know what is best for him.

"It was for Gwen's sake," she continued in a moment, while the earl stood pale and almost stunned with intense surprise—"for Gwen's and my father's. The truth would have killed Gwen, and we would have done anything to save her pain. At first we thought that no one would have been suspected, but Gilbert told us that night—that awful night— hat he had lost his handkerchief in the woods. Then when we came to look we found that he had accidentally worn Arnold's coat—they were both alike, you know, Arnold's and Bertie's—and that his his handkerchief was one he had found in the pocket of the coat. Then Arnold said——"

Her voice failed her for a moment, then she went on quickly—

"Arnold said that if the handkerchief were found and he was suspected, he would bear the suspicion for Gwen's sake and papa's, and the stained coat was his you know."

She paused breathlessly; she had spoken with unusual rapidity, rather as if she feared that her strength would fail her before she had finished her narration.

"We never thought," she continued, "that suspicion would fall upon either of them. Gilbert said he had met no one, that no one had seen him, not even the girl whom he had gone to meet, and that no one knew of their previous meetings. When you asked me to go to see her I was glad, because I knew I should discover then whether we could depend upon her keeping silence. Poor soul, she loves Gilbert. She would be true to him under torture, I think. And but for the detective, I think we should have weathered the storm. Ah! and you did not know, of course, and that night when I asked you to dismiss him, I dared not tell you the truth."

"Maud, if you had only trusted me!" he exclaimed earnestly.

"I dared not," the girl said faintly; her unnatural excitation was fading now and leaving her pale and cold. "Not because I thought you would betray Gilbert, but because of the shame for him. I felt you must despise him, and he has suffered too. He has suffered greatly."

As she paused, white and trembling, he took her hands and put her into a chair, then relinquishing them, he turned from her, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece in deep thought.

All was plain to him now, all that had puzzled and bewildered him, all that had made life seem so strange and unreal during the last week.

The look of high resolve on Arnold's face, the fear and anguish in Maud's sweet, brown eyes, even poor Joe Kirby's dying words were explained fully.

Was not Gilbert Kinsley a painter as well as Arnold Graeme?

And, of course, the latter's assertion that he had lost his way was a true one. But what was most evident of all to the young earl was the great and unselfish love which had actuated Arnold Graeme, which was prompting him now to this last and greatest sacrifice of all.

That a man should sacrifice himself, should give up everything that made life endurable, should ruin his prospects, should place an insurmountable barrier between himself and the woman for whom he had done this thing, was a depth of nobility before which Lord Dereham, generous and high-minded though he was, stood mute and adoring, full of sympathy and respect, almost reverence.

That Graeme, innocent even in thought, should suffer, should be branded like Cain, should be desolate and accursed, when, if he let the guilty suffer, a happy future, blessed by fame, by the love of a true, sweet, woman, with every wish gratified, might have been his, seemed almost incredible.

Such greatness, such nobility, such selfishness and love the earl could feel perhaps, but he could not then understand.

His own love for Maud had been unselfish enough to make him do much for her sake, it would have made him serve Arnold Graeme to the utmost of his power, prove his innocence if it might be proved, and be his friend; but it would not, he thought, have been great enough to enable him to put away from him all chance of winning her, to chain himself for ever to a life of solitude and concealment, where her eyes would never rest upon him, where her lips could never meet his in the bliss of mutual love.

And yet to such a fate as this Arnold Graeme was willing to condemn himself, to shut himself out from all free and unfettered communion with his fellow men, to live an exile from his country in fear—daily, almost hourly fear—lest he should be captured; to relinquish not only all hope of love and marriage—how could he link to his untoward fate a woman's life?—but of fame in his art, which to so many men is a substitute for nearer and dearer joys.

The earl's face was touched with a great and sorrowful pity as he raised his head and turned to the waiting girl.

"What am I to do, Maud?" he said huskily. "Choose for me, tell me, dear. It seems so horrible to grant his request, and yet he wishes it, surely."

"Yes, he wishes it." Maud said faintly. "He told me the other day that he wished it, that it was best for him and for Bertie. To me, as to you, the fate to which he wishes to condemn himself seems horrible; but I am not capable of judging calmly."

"But do you understand," he said, his voice shaken by his intense and painful feeling, "that this step which he meditates will separate you for ever, Maud?—that if he becomes a fugitive, and——"

"It would make no difference to me," she said quietly. "He will take no promise from me—but I hold myself bound. What little I can do to make up to him for all he is willing to suffer for me will be willingly done. I will not hesitate to pay my brother's debt."

To pay her brother's debt!

Lord Dereham looked at her quickly. Surely the debt was her own as much as Gilbert's, if not more, since it was to save her from suffering that he suffered.

To pay her brother's debt! That was hardly the language of a loving woman, glad and proud to devote her life to the man who had loved her with so great and generous a love.

"Then I am to grant his request?" the earl said gently and gravely.

"He wishes it," she said faintly.

"And you?"

"And I? Ah, how can I tell? How can I judge?" she cried passionately. "Only, only, he wishes it; he wishes it."

"Then, since he wishes it," the earl said, still with the same compassionate gravity in his manner and voice, "since he wishes it, it shall be so."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LENGTHY MOURNING.—In walking through the streets of Seoul, in Corea, one often meets with figures clothed from head to foot in a grayish yellow sackcloth, with bright yellow hats, or rather broad-brimmed straw-baskets, on their heads—men moreover, who further disguise their identity by holding a strip of sackcloth stretched on pieces of stick in front of their faces. These are mourners.

In the year 1882 a Japanese traveller who landed on the northeast coast found the officials and all the inhabitants in this lugubrious masquerade. They were in mourning for the queen, who was supposed to have been murdered, but who, after the people had worn sackcloth hail a year for her sake, emerged safe and sound from the hiding-place where she had taken refuge from the pursuit of her wicked father-in-law, Tai-on-Kun.

For a queen it is customary to mourn twelve months, for parents and near kinsfolk three years. What a deep influence this prescriptive usage has upon the life of the people is illustrated by the following story of an aged bachelor who was asked why he had never taken a wife.

"My parents, as well as myself," he said, "were desirous that I should marry, and, a suitable young lady being found, our betrothal took place. Then my future father-in-law died, and we had, of course, to wait three years. I had hardly put off my mourning when I had to bewail the loss of my own poor father; necessarily here was another term of three years' waiting. When these were up, the mother of my future wife took ill and expired; and thus we were obliged to delay our marriage another three years. Lastly, I had the misfortune to lose my own dear mother, which naturally caused a further adjournment. So that, as four times three makes twelve, that number of years had passed over our heads and made us both the older. At this time my betrothed fell ill, and, as she was at death's door, I went to pay her a last visit. My future brother-in-law met me at the door, and said, 'Although you are not formally married, yet perhaps I may for this once look upon you as man and wife. Come in and see her.' I had hardly entered and been for a moment face to face with my poor wife when she breathed her last. When I saw this, all thoughts of marriage fled from me, and I have remained a bachelor ever since."

IT is not always, perhaps not often, that the gravest men and woman are the strongest or the most earnest. It is true there is a mirth born of frivolity, whose shallowness is soon apparent, but there is also a joyousness and freedom of heart and manner which bespeak a fulness of life and a depth of character, and tell of abundant resources for future deeds.

THE FORGOTTEN STRAIN.

The touch of song is gentle, yet so holy,
The light lines linger long in memory's sight;
And after months or years have vanished slowly,
Perchance through evening's pale and dreamy light,
Perchance by mellow moonlight night so lonely,
Comes a sweet melody of other days;—
No matter when, nor whence the strain, if only
'Twas treasured up among the loved old lays.

Fond memory searches for the dear connection—
The scene, the hour revisits many a lawn;
Recalls some golden sunset recollection,
Or calm serenity of autumn dawn;
Again awakes the merry notes of childhood,
Or father's, mother's, brother's, sister's song;
Or calls up wanderer in warbling wildwood,
That cheered the ancient hills with echoes long.

Deep, thrilling tones! that once we heard in gladness;
In hour of fondest, holiest, youthful love;
By some dear grave in hour of melting sadness;
Or in some dream of brighter worlds above!
Perchance they came from lips of cherub lisper,
Trilling his childish notes at shut of day;
Or trembled on the soft Eolian whisper
Of zephyr sweetened with the breath of May.

Still soars the mind—still wildered, wandering, floating
Amid the tender relics of the past,—
Still on the dear old music feasting, doating,
As fancy lingers where we heard it last.
And as each long sought, sunlit scene, returning,
Pours its mild radiance back upon the heart,
We pause to muse, still pausing, musing, yearning,
Unwilling with the heavenly beams to part.

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI—(CONTINUED.)

YOLANDE makes no reply; but the flush deepens on her face, while she bends her head low over her manuscript once more.

Her story is "sentimental rubbish," no doubt, she thinks with humility.

A very romantic, tender, pitiful love-tale it is, very crude in construction, very grandiloquent in phraseology, very unfurnished in style, like all young writers' first efforts, but containing germs of vitality and truth, touches of nature which make it deeply interesting to — its first reader, at all events.

This manuscript romance, in which the hero is a glorified, stilted edition of Dallas and the heroine a woe-begone high-minded, self-sacrificing, impossible Yolande, and over the composition of which the author wept many a blinding tear, is a very precious and cherished possession, reverenced, gloated over, wondered at, admired, and grudged to a cold undiscerning world, like one's first baby.

But all at once the pen flies off crookedly, and a splash of ink falls on the carefully-written page.

"Thank Heave ," Lady Nora exclaims, with unaffected gratitude for once, "here is the post, and a lot of letters."

It is three weeks since Yolande knew that her husband had gone from her; and, though her lips will not part to risk a question concerning him, though she refuses with strange cold dignity to listen to his mother when she speaks of him, yet there is not one waking hour, scarcely one sleeping hour, in which restless thoughts of him and fevered longings to know what has become of him do not burn like a slow fire in her breast.

Every post that arrives, every knock at the door of their rooms, rouses this smothered, hidden, half-demented suffering into throbbing torture.

Lady Nora has seized all the letters on the salver, as usual, and Yolande sits, with her pen held tightly in her fingers, mutely watching her sorting them.

"Three—four—five for me," Lady Nora says, brightening up at once, "and one from Lilian Vavasor."

All her hopes for Goodwood are hanging on this letter from Mrs. Vavasor, and on the invitation she is longing to receive.

She has even given Madame Celestine orders for an exquisite dress of pale maize and pink and yellowish lace, and a bonnet of gold beads with overflown pink roses, to wear on the occasion.

"I do hope," she says, half to herself, tearing the envelope open, "that Lilian has not one of her ill-tempered fits on, when she refuses anything one asks for just for the pleasure of—— Oh, here are your letters, Yolande dearest! One—two—three —— Oh, it's from Dallas. Oh, Yolande, it is from my boy, who has not written me one word."

And, with a distracting display of excitement and emotion, she rushes across with the letter to her daughter-in-law.

"Oh, Yolande dearest, tell me, tell me—is he well—is he well?" she sobs, before Yolande has a chance even of opening the letter. "Oh, my boy, my boy! So cruel not to write to me—his mother. My darling boy."

Yolande does not look at her, does not answer her, but slowly opens the letter, unfolds it, and reads it, her two hands mechanically clutching the paper.

It is short—ending on the third page—and is loosely and hastily written.

For one full minute after she has read it she gazes, breathless, at the cold cruel words which seem to glare at her from the large sheet of white foreign paper, and then she hands the letter, without comment, to Lady Nora.

And without a response she listens to her ladyship's comments on the letter.

"In New York! Actually in New York," she exclaims, as if she had not known perfectly well that her son had every intention of going to New York.

And then she reads the letter in a half-audible voice.

"Dear Yolande—Of course you have heard long since from my mother how I decided to leave England, as the only course open to me in the circumstances in which I was placed. I hope I may do better out of England, and having broken with old associations will make it easier for me to work at any honest employment that may turn up. I have written to your uncle, Mr. Dormer, telling him of my future plans as far as I can say at present. I hope you are well, and enjoying yourself during the season; and I trust you did not think I acted unkindly in leaving London without seeing you; but leave-takings are only dreary things unless cheered by the hope of happy reunion,—and this I know I could not offer you.

"I am at least glad, for your sake, to think that my absence will not sadden you; yet believe me,

Always yours faithfully,

"DALLAS GLYNNE."

"The idea of his going to New York!" Lady Nora says, biting her lip and glancing nervously at her daughter-in-law, who is looking out of the window seaward, with a blank fixed gaze. "It is perfectly dreadful. I suppose he thinks of going to Texas, or Manitoba, or some place like that, out in those Far-West wild countries. A cousin of ours—a cousin of his father's—did so, and was never heard of again. It is simply terrible to be obliged to think my boy—my only boy—may meet with such a fate!"—and Lady Nora's dainty embroidered handkerchief goes up to her eyes, and she struggles with a convulsive little sob or two, while she is thinking behind the handkerchief, "I don't see my way one bit—whether to prevail on her to try to coax him home again, or to let him wear off his fit of obstinacy and absurdity by a year or so of privation and discomfort. It would serve Dallas perfectly right for his abominable folly and his refusing to listen to one word or persuasion from me. I think I shall just let the matter rest, and merely allude to him, so as not to let her forget that he is in poverty and want through her—jealous, insane little fool!"

"Have you read the letter, Lady Nora?" demands the cold passionless voice; and Lady Nora, with a quick uneasy glance at her son's wife, gives up the letter with a deep mournful sigh.

"It is well to know he is living, at least," she moans softly. "Oh, my poor boy! His blighted career—his blighted hopes."

Yolande laughs a sharp, mirthless, broken laugh.

"It is truly lamentable," she says, with icy contempt. "It does remind one so of the poor dog that snapped at the reflection of his bone, and thereby lost the meat!"

"Is that the manner in which you speak of your husband, Yolande?" Lady Nora demands haughtily.

Yolande raises her brows in cold surprise, and laughs again that short, bitter, convulsive laugh through colorless dry lips.

"That is the manner in which I speak of Captain Glynne," she answers, in a harsh altered voice, laughing still. "It is the result of the opinions I have formed, you see, through my brief and unpleasant acquaintance with him, which ends from this moment."

She takes the folded letter and deliberately tears it across and across into four pieces, and, stepping to the fire, throws the fragments into it; then tears up the envelope, and throws it after them.

They blaze up and are gone; and then Yolande looks round at her mother-in-law, laughing still—a laugh worse to hear than sobs and moans.

"How shocked you look," she says scoffingly; "and yet you ridicule sentimentality so much. Well, I am going to get rid of all sentimentality and romance for evermore—burn it, in fact."

She goes over to her writing-table, and takes her pile of neatly written and fastened manuscript, and tears it across and throws it into the fire after her husband's letter.

"Making a clean sweep of it all, Lady Nora!" she says, with a wild gaiety, her eyes gleaming, her cheeks flaming. "Now I'm going to begin to enjoy myself, as you always want me to do," she adds imperiously. "We won't stay down here in this dull place any longer. We will go up to London at once, and then to Biarritz or Trouville, or anywhere you like, as far as my money will take us. I shall spend every shilling of it now," Yolande declares, feverishly merry. "Your Madame Celestine must make me some pretty costumes, and your tailor some nice traveling and yachting gowns; and we will go everywhere and do everything, and know everybody we can, and be as jolly and gay as possible, Lady Nora. We will—we will! We shall enjoy ourselves so much. I will myself for the future, and not mope, or fret, or grieve, or hope any more. That is just what I ought to do, Lady Nora, isn't it? You tell me so always, you know."

And Lady Nora acquiesces half sullenly, half frightened, not more than half comprehending her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN an hour it is all arranged. Mrs. Vavasor has sent invitations both to Lady Nora and Mrs. Dallas Glynne to join her party for Goodwood, and then to go on with them in the evening to the house of a friend of Mrs. Vavasor's, which is, in fact, the palace of a city millionaire, to see theatricals and to wind up with a splendid early supper and dancing.

Lady Nora is delighted.

"They are enormously rich, the Lutons—Sir Jonas and Lady Luton," she explains. "She's an American, a vulgar showy woman, who wears the biggest rubies I ever saw in my life; and they have several daughters, and they give such splendid parties. The girls are rather good-looking, and dress superbly, and the young men crowd after them as much for the supper-parties as the girls, I quite believe, though they will have fifty thousand apiece at the very least. We must have very special toilettes, Yolande; those half-Yankee girls spend oceans of money on their gowns. A friend of theirs, an R.A., designs costumes for them and all that sort of thing, you know—classic draperies, Etruscan jewelry, things that nobody else has. They say the girls go abroad regularly and copy some old pictures for their special dresses. We must see what Celestine can do for us, Yolande—Celestine has perfect taste, if one could afford to give her carte blanche."

Yolande professes to be delighted too, and, with an assumption of great gaiety and eagerness, discusses everything with Lady Nora.

They have champagne at dinner, "to inaugurate a wild career," as Yolande says, laughing and jesting recklessly, until Lady Nora, at first amazed, finally grows ill-tempered.

It has just dawned on her, looking at Yolande in her black-lace gown and pale yellow roses, all flushed and sparkling with feverish mirthfulness—witty, wicked, merry as Lady Nora has never known her before—that this young, fresh girlish woman will possess attractions which will put all her dainty artificial graces and charms in the shade.

Dress as she may, tint and shade as she may, she is too wise in such matters not to know that, beside her daughter-in-law of twenty, she will look her full forty-seven years of age.

It would be surely the worst and, to her, most deplorable of all results from her son's marriage if she came to be looked on as merely the passee chaperon of the fair young wife.

"You shouldn't drink so much champagne Yolande," she says disagreeably. "It is exceedingly bad style, and makes you talk and laugh too much."

Yolande's great star-like eyes, glittering through their thick dark lashes, fix themselves with a sarcastic smile on Lady Nora.

"Do you envy me my high spirits, bellemere?" she asks coolly. "That is unkind of you. If champagne can make me glad, nothing else on earth can, so you oughtn't to grudge it to me. Besides," she adds, deliberately filling up her glass again, "if this were poison, and I chose to drink it, I would; and I wish it were."

"One would think you were mad, to hear you talk," her ladyship says, rather perturbed, glancing at the girl's curling lip and flashing eyes. "What a horribly excitable girl you are, Yolande. Don't drink any more champagne just now, my dear—please."

"Coaxing is better than scratching, bellemere," Yolande says, with a scornful little smile, as she puts aside the untasted glass at once; and they rise slowly from the table.

"I did not know you required coaxing to make you do what was right," Lady Nora responds coldly, knitting her brows and looking at her curiously. "I think, if I am not mistaken, I have heard you utter some very pretty and proper sentiments about doing duty for duty's sake, and following the right without hope of reward, and finding pleasure in self-sacrifice, and other excellent sentiments of the same kind."

"Oh, we have changed all that," Yolande says curtly. "I have done with pretty sentiments, Lady Nora. You will never have any more trouble to eradicate them in me."

"I don't understand you!" Lady Nora rejoins coldly but uneasily, wondering if Yolande, embittered, proud, hard, and worldly, will be at all the easily-managed, respectful, attentive, gentle girl whose meekness and reticence and sad-hearted ness have so often provoked her anger.

And yet in her own room that same night, which is to inaugurate a new career, as she tells herself in the frenzy of the pain of her bruised and breaking heart, poor Yolande Glynne picks up a few spoiled half-written sheets of her pretty little woeful romantic story, and weeps over them until she is blind and s ck with exhaustion.

She has destroyed a thing she loved so well, torn away something from her heart and life, and the void is aching horribly.

Her little romance was called "Fairy Gold," and the title was suggested to her by an old Irish poem in which cruel fairies practice the heartless deception on a confiding mortal of paying him for arduous services in bright coin of seemingly purest gold, which, as soon as the fairies vanish, turns to leaves, all withered and worthless.

And, carrying out the simile, Yolande's credulous heroine has given the first pure passionate love of her heart to a false lover who repays her in the "fairy gold" of winning smiles and ardent glances and close clinging hand-pressures, and then, like false, cruel Marmion—

"He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more."

The false handsome hero of Yolande's story, with his chestnut hair and his clear proud gray eyes, loses his fortune and his new love at the same time—she is faithless to him in his poverty.

So affection, wealth, friends, position all vanish from him like "fairy gold," leaving him bereft and forlorn until, through suffering and sadness, poor and lonely, Yolande makes her beloved idealised hero find his faithful love once again—her whose heart is true gold—who, having inherited an immense fortune, bequeaths it to him on her death-bed, with a plaintive request, in a very mournful death-bed scene, that he will sometimes visit her green little grave or think of her lying there.

The pain and the pleasure have been commingled whilst Yolande blotted the pages with falling tears, whilst she sketched out the distressful death-bed scene between the dying girl, who is supposed to utter long speeches in faultless phraseology, and the faithless lover in whom love and remorse awake too late.

But now all this is over—the fond foolish romance, the tender griefs and tears that keep her love and sorrow fresh and green.

She has uprooted every flower of romance, burnt it out of her heart with the fire of scorn as she burned her faithless lover's letter in the blazing coals and burned the love-story of her life along with it.

The next day Eastbourne is left behind, and London is reached.

Yolande Glynne quits the old paths of her life, and begins zealously hard to live Lady Nora's life—empty, meretricious, feverish, joyless, as she knows already it will be.

She lives through it, though hating it and tiring of it very soon; despising it, yet following it; loathing it as the wretched substitute for the joys of earth's best happiness—yet clinging to it in her miserable loneliness of body and mind through long dragging weeks and months until another year has nearly run its course.

And in the June following Yolande Glynne and her mother-in-law are at home at No. 0, Rutland Gardens, once more.

The Pacific Salvage Company has burst, and swallowed up thousands of Mr. Silas Dormer's money.

Some other speculations have turned out very unsatisfactorily, and business-men remarked shrewdly to each other that "Dormer has burned his fingers badly;" but Yolande has never known her uncle so averse from money-saving, so determined on money-spending, as he has been this summer.

He is keeping up the two establishments at Fair View and in town; he gives dinner-parties and evening-parties this season; he has bought a very handsome carriage, and exchanged his pair of quiet bays for very showy-stepping chestnuts.

Lady Nora and he are the best of friends, and her ladyship sometimes thinks with pensive satisfaction how wonderfully well the erratic, obstinate conduct of poor Dallas has turned out to her advantage.

To all intents and purposes, she is now the mistress of a fine house, with carriages and servants at command, and ample resources.

Poor old Miss Dormer stays at Fair View for the most part, and Lady Nora plays the brilliant hostess at Mr. Dormer's entertainments.

Her daughter-in-law never interferes, never outshines her; people come and go at Lady Nora's afternoon teas, and join Lady Nora's supper-parties after the Opera, and ask other people afterwards, "Was that Mrs. Glynne, that tall, slender, quiet girl?"

They mistake her sometimes for a paid companion or poor relation of the brilliant little hostess, with her radiant toilettes and flashing jewels.

But, as the human heart—at least, the heart of a Lady Nora—is not easily satisfied with "gold and gear," so her ladyship is not contented with even her present prosperity so long as she feels that she is "shut out from association with my order," she says, with patrician disdain for all the rich city people and professional people and "upper middle-class folk" who gratefully court her notice, and accept her invitations, and crowd after her wherever she pleases to beckon them, because she is an Earl's daughter and the widow of an Earl's son.

So she begins to look back and hanker in restless dissatisfaction after the notice of the Pentreath family once more, though she hates Pentreath and its host and hostess, and has good reason to know that no invitation is likely ever to be extended to her to visit the place.

But a visit to the gloomy old house in Wales for a few weeks in the shooting season will mean "open sesame" to half a dozen other houses which are closed to her now.

Lady Nora, not being a proud woman, determines to achieve her object, no matter how or by whom it is accomplished.

So in this difficulty she bethinks her of Yolande.

Her daughter-in-law has been very useful to her hitherto—she will no doubt continue to be useful.

Therefore in the present instance she does admirably as a cat's-paw—without her own knowledge or consent, which is a secondary matter—to obtain from the pious and eccentric Countess of Pentreath her friendly and compassionate notice of poor Yolande Glynne, her kinsman's forsaken and heart-

broken wife, and—as a matter of course—of poor Lady Nora, his forsaken and heart-broken mother.

So she indites long letters to the Countess, in which she speaks of Yolande as her "beloved and suffering child," and delicately hints that a little gracious friendliness on the part of the Glynne family "might be blessed in producing a happier state of mind in my worse than widowed daughter."

In spite of hypochondria and oddity, Lady Pentreath is known to be generous, kind-hearted, and religious.

And Lady Nora, with her trick of religious phraseology, her assumption of maternal love and self-abnegation, appeals to all three qualities of Lady Pentreaths nature.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE small drawing-room of the house in Rutland Gardens is used by Lady Nora as her own especial room, and the heavy brown plush portieres between it and the larger room are always kept drawn, except for receptions.

It was always a very pretty room, all silk and gilding and nut-brown plush; but, since Lady Nora's advent, it has become transformed, in its character into a theatrical-looking little room, with delicate net and lace draperies and luxuriant flowers, the fragrance of which mingles with the odors of a little silver lamp burning the last fashionable perfume.

There are slender Venetian vases of crimson glass reaching half-way to the ceiling, and the room is lighted by a swinging lamp covered with a huge shade of fluted crimson silk with white lace flounc ings and tiny baskets of flowers in little gilded holders hanging underneath.

It is a nest of luxury in which Lady Nora, like a gorgeous little tropical bird, rests amidst flowers and scents and radiant colors.

To-day it is additionally cumbered with rich and beautiful things, as Lady Nora's dress for a fancy-ball is lying on the couch.

Lady Nora herself, in a pink cashmere tea-g wn smothered in lace, is discussing it with her daughter-in-law and two gentleman-visitors, Major Hutchinson and Mr. Wilmot Sarjent—Yo.ande's cousin.

Lady Nora is going as a "Circassian Slave," in a costume which makes Yolande hot to look at, consisting as it apparently does of a pale blue silk tunic embroidered in silver, which reaches from her ladyship's waist to her knees, and nothing else worth speaking of except tulle spangled with silver and necklaces.

Yolande's dress is very elegant, but simple and modest.

She is to represent a "Spanish Girl" in rich skirts of vivid scarlet silk beneath black silk and voluminous black laces, a high comb and mantilla, and a cluster of pomegranate-blossoms in her hair and at her bosom.

"It is a pretty dress," Lady Nora says depreciatingly, "but so hackneyed! Now I wanted Yolande to go as Nell Gwynne or 'Wily Vivien.' Nell Gwynne's is such a pretty dress, with her basket of oranges, and such an easily recognized character."

"I should say Nell Gwynne's character was very easily recognized," Major Hutchinson remarks, with a chuckle.

"I preferred something less notorious," Yolande says coldly, flushing.

"Oh, of course! We know your tastes and feelings are those of the 'modest violet' order, my dear!" Lady Nora retorts scoffingly.

And at this moment Lady Nora's maid, Moodie—a much more cheerful person than in the days of uncertain wages—appears in the doorway, with a deferential murmur to her mistress and an extremely uncertain and nervous expression.

"I told you I could see no one this afternoon except the names I mentioned," Lady Nora says, with careless peremptoriness, not turning her head, and leaning farther over the arm of the couch to listen to Major Hutchinson.

But Moodie retreats only an inch or two, and repeats her deferential murmur, looking at Yolande, who laughs heartily just at the moment at her cousin s imitation of a popular comedian's speech.

"Whom did you say?" Lady Nora demands suddenly of the waiting-woman, refusing to believe her own hearing.

"The Countess of Pentreath and Mademoiselle Gantier, my lady," Moodie repeats loudly enough for every one to hear.

"Good heavens!" Lady Nora mutters, paling visibly under her rouge, and casting a distracted glance around the room at the fancy-dresses and her visitors, all forming such a tableau as she would not for any consideration that Lady Pentreath should see.

But Lady Pentreath does see it all, even to the details, for mademoiselle, in the other room, into which the Countess and she have been ushered, hearing Yolande's voice in laughter, darts over to the portiere.

"I hear dear Mrs. Glynne's voice!" she exclaims, and pulls the curtains apart with playful precipitancy.

She has read between the lines, the clever young woman, and detected something in the footman's tone when he says that he believes that her ladyship and Mrs. Dallas Glynne are not at home—has detected something more in Moodie's suave explanation that her ladyship and Mrs. Dallas Glynne are at home, but are at present particularly engaged.

And, when they enter the drawing-room, the sound of voices and laughter and the sight of the close-drawn portiere tell the rest of the story to mademoiselle's sharp perceptions.

"I wish to see Mrs. Dallas Glynne if Lady Nora is too much engaged to see me," Lady Pentreath says curtly.

And, as she is standing haughtily in the middle of the room, displeasedly wondering what Lady Nora really meant by those letters of hers, mademoiselle's malicious fingers let in the revealing light figuratively and actually on Lady Nora and her surroundings in the perfumed gloom of her luxurious apartment.

One swift glance of her keen eyes at the men-visitors, the fancy-dresses, the flowers, the French novels, and then mademoiselle is dropping the curtain with a murmured "Mille pardons!" when Lady Nora indignantly snatches back the drapery, and comes forward to greet Lady Pentreath with most tender effusiveness.

"My dearest Lady Pentreath," she says, clasping her hands and kissing her relative, "this is an unexpected pleasure surely to see you in town!"

"I fear I have intruded on you," Lady Pentreath responds frigidly, going over with eyes of cold displeasure the brilliant little tableau in the background. "I think you have met my friend Mademoiselle Gantier, Lady Nora?"

"I have had the pleasure," Lady Nora murmurs, red with rage, but taking her cue from "my friend Mademoiselle Gantier," as she touches Miss Bella's hand with her finger tips.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Mrs. Glynne," Lady Pentreath says, coldly shaking hands. "I fancied from your letters, Lady Nora, that your daughter-in-law was in bad health," she adds almost sternly turning on her.

"I never said so, I think," Lady Nora says sweetly, seeing that nothing but placidity will save her in this emergency. "I could certainly wish that dear Yolande was much stronger and brighter than she is. We were discussing costumes for a fancy-ball," she adds boldly, knowing that nothing can save her from an explanation, s nce Lady Pentreath is standing within the portiere, and, with her eye-glasses up, is surveying the room with a cold scrutiny from which nothing escapes, and mademoiselle is shaking hands warmly with Major Hutchinson and Mr. Sarjent.

By this manœuvre she prevents their taking their leave, as Lady Nora has hoped they would.

And, as the Countess is looking at them, Lady Nora has no resource but to introduce them.

The next moment mademoiselle, with demoniac glee, is rapturously admiring the "Circass an Slave" dress, and expatiating on all its e ormities of abridged skirts, spangled tulle trousers, little fly-away armless vest, turban, and ropes of pearls, while Lady Nora is alternately red and white with vexation, Yolande is hot with discomfort and regret, and the two men are in tortures of suppressed mirth at the amazement and digust visible in Lady Pentreath's face, who is well known to be of Evangelical views and extremely rigorous and strait-laced in her opinions.

"You absolutely intend wearing that thing, Lady Nora," she asks, pointing a finger of righteous indignation at the spangled trousers—"i tend going to a ball and dancing in it?"—and, though Lady Nora has no scruple about telling an untruth now an then, nothing can clear her from the heinousness of this intention in the Countess's mind.

If she has a chance of escape, mademoiselle destroyes it with her horrible ill-timed praises and suggestions.

"It really is not an indecent dress, I think, Lady Pentreath," she says meekly and suavely. "Those tulle trousers veil the form, so to speak—don't they, Lady Nora?"

"Veil the form," repeats Lady Pentreath, in withering accents. "The idea of any woman wearing a costume which is apologized for as not indecent because it has some tulle arrangements to veil the form!"

"But I am not going to wear the dress at all, I assure you," Lady Nora declares, biting h r lip, while her eyes are full of tears of wrath.

Major Hutchinson, struggling hard for a sympathetic expression, keeps his hand smoothing his moustache while he looks fixedly at the floor, and his broad shoulders are shaking curiously.

"But there are really some much more objectionable dresses than that one," mademoiselle says timidly—"'Morning Twilight,' for instance—pale gray tulle in floating clouds, with nothing solid, so to speak, about the dress but a diadem of bright rays and a few silver stars. Mrs. Vavasor told me of a lady who wore that dress. You will scarcely have time to get another costume, Lady Nora," she adds very distinctly—for Lady Nora has turned her back—"and this is quite perfect—the little pointed turned-up slippers, the yashmak and all; and the ball is to-morrow night, you know."

Poor Lady Nora looks at her tormentor with something of the aspect of a cat at bay before a playful terrier, divided in her mind whether to endure amiably, in the hope that her foe will prove good-tempered and harmless, or to use her teeth and claws.

"I can easily get another costume," she murmurs; "and it shall be as Yolande wishes," she adds sweetly, glancing entreatingly at her son's wife. "I have very little inclination for anything of the kind; but Yolande has never even seen a fancy-dress ball, so it is she who shall decide whether we go or not."

And Yolande quietly accepts the onus of the decision, though Lady Nora has forced her to accept her invitation a week since.

"I should like to go," she says carelessly, "as I am anxious to know if I shall not quite disgrace myself as 'A Spanish Girl.' I know I shall only look 'propriety, prunes, and prism,' and break down altogether in fan-flirtation."

Lady Pentreath's long, gaunt, pallid face is turned to Yolande with the severest expression it has worn yet.

"I am sorry to hear you speak like that," she says sharply, in a lower tone. "I don't think a young wife has any right to know anything about fan-flirtation or any other flirtation, or go to fancy-dress balls either, in the absence of her husband."

Yolande flushes crimson at the rebuke.

"I ought to shut myself up in a convent, I daresay," she matters rebelliously, in unsteady tones, "because my husband thinks fit to go to America for an indefinite length of time and to leave me at home; but we don't always do the things that we should, Lady Pentreath."

"We ought to try to do our duty," Lady Pentreath says gravely, in a still lower tone, studying the girl's face attentively. "Will you come and spend to-morrow evening with me? I have something to tell you."

"About Dallas?"

The words are spoken scarcely above a whisper; but Lady Pentreath sees that they are uttered with a gasp of passionate eagerness.

And then Yolande recollects herself, blushing violently, and resumes her mask of indifference.

"I should be very pleased to come, Lady Pentreath," she adds, glancing uneasily at Lady Nora, who, she sees, is watching her with a jealous sparkle in her eyes; "but there is the fancy-dress ball to-morrow night, you see."

"In spite of that important event," Lady Pentreath asks coldly, rising to take her leave, "could you not come and dine with me at six?"

"Certainly, dearest," Lady Nora replies, gliding up softly. "If you are dining with Lady Pentreath, I can send the carriage for you at half-past eight, just to give you time to dress."

Mademoiselle is watching Lady Nora closely all the time she speaks, and her eyes glitter knowingly.

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"I am going to utter a prophecy, my lady," she says to the Co ntess as they drive homewards. "You will get an apology from Mrs. Dallas Glynne to-morrow. Lady Nora does not wish her to visit you by herself, and she is quite under her control."

"Do you think so, Isabelle?" the Countess asks appealingly of her clever companion. "But I want to see her, poor foolish girl! She is completely under the control of that worldly woman, Lady Nora, as you say, Isabelle. What shall I do?"

"We will wait and see if my prophecy comes true, Lady Pentreath," mademoiselle answers oracularly.

"I am to see Doctor Suthely Smith to-morrow, you know," Lady Pentreath continues, sighing, "and then there may be a consultation, and I may not be able to see any one; and I want to see Yolande Glynne first."

Her voice trembles a little, for poor Lady Pentreath's doctors begin to speak of an operation as necessary to arrest the progress of a complaint from which she has undoubtedly been suffering.

"Then you shall see her, dear Lady Pentreath," Mademoiselle Isabelle says, with that quiet assurance to which a nervous invalid clings. "Make your mind perfectly easy. I cannot have you made anxious for any one; you shall see Mrs. Glynne to-morrow."

And on the morrow mademoiselle's prophecy comes quite true. Lady Pentreath receives a note from Yolande just as Doctor Suthely Smith has taken his departure, begging to be excused from dining with her that evening, and adding that Lady Nora and she will call the next day to explain her reasons. There is a hastily-scrawled P.S.—

"I am so very sorry not to be able to come this evening.

"Yours very truly,

"YOLANDE."

"That," mademoiselle says, laying her finger on the postscript, "is genuine. The rest is made up and dictated by Lady Nora."

"You think so, Isabelle?" the Countess asks.

"I am sure of it," answers Isabelle very calmly. "But she will come, Lady Pentreath, if I can only see her for a minute."

"What a curious girl you are!" Lady Pentreath says, half envious, half admiring. "How do you make people do things, Isabelle?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANY of the influences now cast around children are actually educating them to unhappiness. Particularly this is done by instilling a disproportionate care and anxiety about little things. Not only is the child admonished and reproved about hundreds of really trivial matters, thus raising them in his mind to the level of serious offences; he also sees those around him whom he respects and loves full of worry and disquiet about small annoyances; he hears them criticising trifling mistakes or delinquencies in their neighbors, detailing petty grievances, complaining of little discomforts, craving all sorts of small luxuries, and he becomes accustomed to see them usually occupied with matters that ought to be treated as comparatively insignificant.

Scientific and Useful.

MAKING MUSIC.—An apparatus has been invented which, when placed in electric communication with a pianoforte or other keyboard instrument, prints the music as it is being played. The machine is driven by clockwork.

BILIOUSNESS.—For biliousness a plain diet of bread, milk, oatmeal, vegetables and fruit, with lean meat and fresh fish, is best. Exercise in the open air. The victims of an acute attack will be righted by (1) abstinence; (2) porridge and milk; (3) toast, a little meat and fish and ripe fruit, thus coming to solid food gradually.

DISCOLORATIONS.—To remove moss and weather discolorations from marble monuments and grave stones, take equal parts of caustic potash, quicklime, and soft soap, make them into a thick paste with water, and apply with a brush; leave for about a week, and apply again and again until the stains have disappeared. A weak solution of aquafortis or nitric acid may be used if preferred.

THE ELEVATORS.—"Ride up and walk down," is the advice ascribed to an "intelligent physician," as far as concerns the use of elevators. He says climbing up stairs should be avoided by a great many people, but that a brisk run down stairs will harm nobody, but the shaking up that it gives the anatomy, without fear of over-exertion, will prove beneficial to most people.

ON GLASS.—Berlin papers copy news of an important discovery in glass-manufacture. A German naturalist has succeeded in casting glass in the same way as metal is cast, and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast-glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast-iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use. It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult.

HINTS.—Salt and vinegar applied hot is said to be one of the best things for cleansing brass, which should afterwards be polished with fine ashes. Mortar and paint may be removed from windows with hot, sharp vinegar. Grained wood should be washed with cold tea, and then after being wiped dry rub with linseed oil. Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose. Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first and then on the right side, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox-gall or ammonia and water.

Farm and Garden.

NO BEDDING.—Cows that have no bedding are often injured in the knees by getting up and down, especially if the floors be wet and slippery.

STORED CORN.—Constant attention to the turning over and ventilation of stored corn is a requisite as a protection against the weevil and the corn-beetle.

A GOOD CHICKEN FOOD.—Bran three parts, corn-meal one part, and linseed-meal one part, wetted with hot-water, makes an excellent chicken food.

THE YOKE.—It is claimed that the ox yoke in common use needs some improvement. It should fit the neck, or else when a load is being drawn the wind-pipe may be at times partially closed and the inner part of the neck galled.

WINTER AND SPRING.—Foot-rot in the sheep, distemper in horses and cattle, cough in pigs, and many other ailments, arise from filthy barnyards in winter and spring. In this, as in many other cases, prevention is better than cure.

MANURE.—Manure heaps that are covered with snow will get a good leaching when the thaw comes. Those farmers who have gone to a little expense to protect their manure heaps will possess twice the amount of fertilizing properties as compared with those who have been careless in this respect.

THE SOIL.—The soil can scarcely be too rich for apple trees. Kitchen ashes in which table refuse has been thrown will make good top-dressing, and even good ditch scrapings may be used with advantage if nothing else can be had. Top-dressing is the best system of manuring for apple-trees.

CATS.—Cats on the farm do much damage in destroying useful birds, and they often play with the chickens when the master is at home, but they do not forget to appropriate a young one or two occasionally when unobserved. They understand how to act much better than may be supposed.

LARGE LITTER.—There is no advantage in having a large litter of pigs with a sow. If too many she cannot provide milk enough for them, and if the weather is cold the chances are that nearly all will perish, leaving a few strong ones, which, having a sufficiency of milk, will be raised without difficulty. A small litter will thrive and do well from the beginning.

COLD AND WARM.—Some experiments have recently been made in France in supplying cows with cold and warm water to test the effect on them as milk givers. The food given was the same in both cases; but it was found that those supplied with water heated to 113° Fahr. yielded one-third more milk than those given cold water.

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The Reason for Them.

"What were they made for?" is a question which is often asked in respect of hideous sea monsters, and cruel beasts, and noxious vermin, and poisonous plants, and malarious fungi, and many other things which, in our view, seem to deform the face of nature. What certain human beings were ever made for it might puzzle us to tell. Science has detected uses for a multitude of things which were once regarded only as a nuisance, but there still remain inscrutable mysteries in air, earth and water of which all that we can say is, "They exist, and therefore there must be some reason for their existence."

But there are other and more cheering departments of nature where the question, "What were these things made for?" is equally pertinent. If we are sometimes troubled by the seeming deformities of creation, we must also be startled by the beauty which is lavished upon objects which do not appear to have been made for our inspection, and rarely come within the scope of human vision.

While passing away a day on the sea shore you dip up a pail of water, and carefully spread upon paper the weeds that you find floating there, and what a revelation it is! No Mechlin lace was ever woven in such exquisite and delicate forms—no artist ever put upon canvas such marvellous tints of color.

Men have been down to the bottom of the deep, and found themselves standing in the midst of coral groves, with branches of pink, and vermilion, and ivory-white, the surface sometimes smooth as glass, and sometimes adorned with stars, and lozenges, and intricate patterns of every variety of form—a strange and beautiful mineral vegetation that never bends to the tide, or is disturbed by the storm.

A little further on, our sub marine explorer looks upon an ocean pasture, filled with a luxuriant growth of brilliant grasses and delicate webs of soft, green and variegated anemone, half animal and half vegetable, a flower that moves about and feeds on flesh, and numberless other forms of life, upon which the direct light of the sun never shone; and in and out among the rocks, and the crystals, and the sea flowers, fishes are gliding, and dashing, and sleeping—some of them reposing with their noses resting on the ground and their tails straight up in the water, certain of them glistening like burnished silver, others clothed with all the colors of the prism, others red like fire, others yellow and shining like gold, others of an emerald green, and, beneath it all, a pavement of shells, infinite in variety, unapproachably beautiful in form, and illuminated with the colors of an autumn sunset.

What were these things made for? Not one man in ten millions ever saw with his own eyes this marvellous world down in the depths of the sea, and it is only by chance that its existence was ever known. It seems to be all thrown away, so far as we are concerned. But may not these fishes take delight in their own beauty, and have some æsthetic appreciation of the glories that surround them?

On the surface of the earth there are also things hidden out of sight, which are radiant with beauty. You take into your hand a rough, unsightly stone, and strike it a sharp blow with a hammer, when it falls apart and discloses a double concave of crystal, that, since the morning of creation, never saw the light before; but now, in the first moment that it greets the sun, it is converted into a microcosm of rainbows. How many such latent spheres of light may be scattered along our path, no one can tell. You take another pebble, just as rough and unsightly, and you grind it on a wheel until the coarse surface is removed, and rub it down with pumice, and polish it with oil, and straightway you find that you have come upon a treasure which gold could hardly buy, something so beautiful that it has been made an emblem of the New Jerusalem above, and again, who can tell how many such gems may be lying around our feet? and again, who can tell what they were all made for?

You wander off into the wilderness, where the foot of man has never trod, and strange flowers that you never read of in any book of botany nod to you in the breeze—flowers that charm you by their brilliancy and give delight by their rich perfume; and here age after age, "Born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air," these flowers have bloomed and blossomed and died. Is it a waste, after all, merely because the foot of man has never trod this rich and fragrant carpet before?

The unseen world is, perhaps, more lavishly endowed with beauty than that which comes within our ordinary vision, and all for what?

SURELY as the years pass on they ought to have made us better, more useful, more worthy. We may have been disappointed in our lofty ideas of what ought to be done, but we may have gained more clear and practical notions of what can be done. We may have lost in enthusiasm and yet gained in earnestness. We may have lost in sensibility, yet gained in charity, activity and power. We may be able to do far less, and yet what we do may be far better done. And our very griefs and disappointments—have they been useless to us? Surely not. We shall have gained instead of lost by them, if the Spirit of God had been working in us. Our sorrows will have wrought in us patience, and patience experience, and that experience, hope—hope that he who has led us thus far will lead us farther still; that he who has taught us in former days precious lessons, not only by sore temptations but by most sacred joys, will teach us in the days to come fresh lessons by temptations which we shall be more able to endure; and by joys which, though unlike those of old times, are no less sacred, but sent as lessons to our souls by Him from whom all good gifts come.

THE duty of self-knowledge and self culture along some one definite line should be impressed on every young person. It is not selfish; on the contrary, it is what makes it possible to be of any real good to others. For when any one is doing his own true work in the best way, he is always benefiting his fellow men, whether he is conscious of it or not. Beyond this, however, it is chiefly through the discipline of this culture that we come to understand others, and to know how to help them. One who is vigorously bending himself to his own life duties is in a far better position to give intelligent aid to others in their struggles than one who, having no purpose, devotes himself to forming or mending those of other people.

IT is "the little foxes that spoil the grapes"; it is the omission of such trivial utterances as "please," "thank you," "excuse me," "with pleasure," spoken at the appropriate times in pleasant tones, which makes many a daily life hard, and barren, and cold, that might otherwise be warm with affection, fruitful in charity, and radiant with sunshine. If any one doubts this let him for one week try the effect of little courtesies on those around him, and especially on those in his own domestic circle. He who bears about with him a constant thoughtfulness of the happiness of others will do good often when he knows not of it. Such is the power and the reward of such courtesy that it does good often when it dreams not of it.

THE meanest, most useless and most contemptible vice that ever grew in the hothouse of the devil is profane swearing. We protest against it as members of society, as decent men. On boats, in cars, in places of business, on the open streets, at concert doors, and everywhere else rings the incessant oath of the habitual swearer. Young men just learning to curse appear to think there is something manly and brave about it; while old swearers interlard the commonest remark they make with cold-blooded blasphemies and a variety of diabolical curses. Public profanity ought to be an indictable offense, with a penalty of a term in jail for every oath.

STRIVE everywhere and in all things to be at peace. If trouble comes from within or without, treat it peacefully. If joy comes, receive it peacefully, without excitement. If we must needs flee from evil, let us do it calmly, without agitation, or we may stumble and fall in our haste. Let us do good peacefully, or our hurry will lead us into endless faults. Even repentance is work which should be carried on peacefully.

EVERY true hero grows by patience. People who have always been prosperous are seldom the most worthy, and never in moral excellence the most strong. He who has not been compelled to suffer has probably not begun to learn how to be magnanimous, as it is only by patience and fortitude that we know what it is to overcome evils or feel the pleasure of forgiving them.

IT is seemly that we should allow the faults of the dead to drop by silence into forgettulness, and that we should speak lovingly and truthfully of their merits; but to pronounce panegyrics upon them that are knowingly undeserved, merely because they have passed away from us, is casting a contempt on truth which will not be borne with impunity.

THE easiest way to economize time is to know what one wants to do with it, and to begin the days work at the same hour each morning. It is not necessary to do the same thing at the same hour. Even the sun takes the liberty of rising at different times; but the hours are compelled by the very universe itself to get up at the proper moment.

THAT which weakens one's power or dwarfs his spiritual nature can never be sanctioned as an appropriate amusement. The physical life, the intellectual life, the spiritual life, in their subtle relations, must enter into the problem of recreations as must also our brother's good.

IT is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.

"KEEP thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it." What a happy lite to those who observe and keep these inspired precepts!

WHAT unthankfulness it is to forget our consolations, and to look only upon matters of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.

TRIALS are medicines, which the Great Physician prescribes because we need them. Then let us trust his skill and thank him for his prescription.

The World's Happenings.

The Connecticut Legislature contains 113 farmers.

The Leadville mines have produced $110,000,000 to date.

At a Franklin, Ind., baby show, one of the prizes was for intellect.

There are 160 colored men in Washington who are worth $50,000 each.

A Texas preacher predicts that the world will come to an end in ten years.

The expressed juice of the shell of green walnuts is the simplest form of hair dye.

A carload of hickory nuts has been shipped from Bilssfield, Michigan, to California.

The chewing-gum yearly used by a certain family of eight persons in Minnesota costs $150.

An old settler of Dexter, Me., aged nearly 80 years, was married to a 16-year-old miss of that place lately.

Door-knocks of the old-fashioned kind are once more appearing on the doors of fashionable New York residences.

A variation of 90 degrees in the temperature at Fort Keogh, Montana, is said to have taken place within 24 hours.

Boulanger, the French War Minister, has forbidden the use of English steel pens in the military schools of France.

Dr. Brown-Sequard is quoted as saying that one has only to harden the neck and feet and destroy their sensitiveness to prevent taking cold.

Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, the young Southern authoress, has been re-elected engrossing clerk of the Tennessee State Senate. She was opposed by four young ladies, but won easily.

Henry Meyers, who died near New Orleans a few days ago, is declared to have been born August 31, 1760, as shown by the original baptismal certificate that is in possession of the family.

Two lighthouse keepers on the North Carolina coast quarreled about the color of the sea and did not exchange another word for three months, when both were discharged by the government.

Life sentences "for every crime the commission of which shall show that the man is already a confirmed criminal," were approvingly suggested by the Governor of Connecticut in his inaugural message.

Frank Pierce, a member of the Worcester, Mass., fire department, slipped in getting off an omnibus, a few days ago, severing an artery in one of his legs and bleeding to death in less than fifteen minutes.

A counterfeit quarter was all that was secured by burglars who broke into a brewery and blew open the safe at Columbus, O., a night or two ago, not to mention a half dozen shots the proprietor fired at them.

A Chicago railroad man and a Chicago reporter both say that it is becoming fashionable for young men of that city to kiss each other vigorously when they part for any length of time and when they meet again.

The German War Office having decided that all subofficers must learn telegraphy, 100 officers selected from the Berlin garrison and 100 from the garrison at Strasburg and Metz have begun a course of tuition.

George Rolofson, once a prosperous merchant of Chicago, had both his feet frozen while sleeping in a cold room in a house near that city, though his body was covered with two comfortables and a buffalo robe.

The time required for a telegrahpic signal to pass around the earth on a good land telegraph line of equal length to the circumference of the earth is about one second. Ocean cables would considerably increase this, even to several seconds.

The supervisor of the town of Cortlandt, N. Y., offered a resolution in the Board of Supervisors recently to rescind the resolution to build a house in which tramps should be required to bail out water as fast as it runs in or drown.

Some merchants at Rock Island, Illinois, oppose the free delivery of mails in that city on the ground that when people visit the postoffice three or four times a day the streets present a livelier appearance, and more purchasing is done than if their letters were delivered free.

John Grigson was skating on the Ohio river lately when the ice broke and the portion on which he stood floated away. His father saddled a horse and followed the case 23 miles down the river, where he engaged the services of two fishermen, who went out in a skiff and brought the young man safe to shore.

A German man of science has taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One was of the red variety, and it was found to contain 90,000 hairs. Next comes the black, with 103,000 hairs to its credit. The brown had 109,000, and the blonde 140,000. The blonde wins.

Isaac Bickel, a wealthy farmer, who resides near the town of Waubeck, Iowa, refused to allow his 18-year-old son, Ira, to attend a dance. Father and son continued to quarrel until Thursday evening last, when they came to blows. Ira struck his father with a club, fracturing his skull, from which injuries he died a few hours later.

Sixteen years ago Edward Wilkinson, of Chelsea, Mass., had a difficulty with a man named Burrows and seriously injured him. Wilkinson fled, and his family, hearing nothing from him, gave him up for dead. Recently his father instituted inquiries far and wide, and the son was found near Quincy, Ill., a farmer and the father of two children.

Amos R. Binney, who committed suicide in Boston recently, left this brief but pathetic note telling the whole story: "To the Medical Examiner: Sir—This is a case of simple suicide, and there is no need of a Coroner's inquest. Being an old man, somewhat unfortunate and feeble, and at the same time poor, I am unwilling to go to the poorhouse. So I have decided to make an end of it. Amos R. Binney, born Dec. 31, 1819, died Dec. 18, 1886. Aged 67."

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY SUSANNA J.

Hand in hand, though the shadows lengthen
And the glow of morning has passed away;
E'en Time hath pow'r but to clasp and strengthen
The sacred bond of our marriage-day.

Long years may pass over hearts united
And cares may gather or grief betide,
But naught can alter a true faith plighted,
And, having that, we have all beside—

Heart with heart, though the world estranges
Our dearest friendships or closest kin;
Of one mind still through a thousand changes,
No storm can ruffle this peace within.

O Love, most tender, whose wings outspreading
Can hide all failings and soothe all pain,
Thy presence gladdens this golden wedding—
Thine is the guerdon that true hearts gain!

"Ennui House."

BY FAY AXTENS.

AN invitation to "Ennui House" —an urgent, peremptory invitation!

The four sisters gathered round the open window in their pretty drawing-room, and looked at each other in dismay. Fond as they were of good old Aunt Judy, it was an invitation which not one was anxious to accept just then.

Next week all Drowsytown would be astir with the festivities of the annual tennis tournament, closely followed by a grand fete and garden-party, in celebration of a distinguished and unusual birthday. For Sir Stephen Langham's son and heir did not come of age every year.

Nevertheless, this was an invitation which must not be disregarded.

"How many has Aunt Judy invited?" said Francesca, in a tone of evident resentment.

"Only one," answered Barbara, with a pleasant smile.

"Oh! then Geraldine had better go, as she is the youngest."

Pretty Geraldine grew very red, and looked distressed—a circumstance which gave rise to a good deal of good-natured banter among the girls, until Gabrielle, who had been reading the letter over Barbara's shoulder, broke in with—

"It is too bad of you to tease so, Francesca. You need not bother about it; I'll go. I don't mind."

At Gabrielle's decided tone Barbara looked up quickly.

"Nonsense, Gay! I shall go, of course."

Barbara was accustomed to be an oracle to her sisters. Ever since they had been children she had taken the dear dead mother's place, and though Fraulein, their old governess, was now housekeeper and chaperone to their elder years, it was Barbara to whom the younger girls always looked, and who must decide all questions and all disputes But on this subject Gabrielle was determined to have her own way. In spite of the entreaties and protestations of her sisters, she remained firm, bringing forward so many good reasons why she should go to "Ennui House" that her sisters began to believe that she was really anxious to assist Aunt Judy's pet curate, Mr. Slack, in looking after the wants of his parish.

"What about the duet, Geraldine?" she added, as the sound of footsteps in the hall sent that blushing little damsel flying to the mirror to arrange her hair. "Here comes Mr. Ted Forrest to practise it."

"And Cousin Augustus," said Francesca, sinking into a chair. "Don't you hear him lumbering up the stairs?"

"I am afraid Mr. Forrest will never know that duet," remarked Barbara. "Well, we must talk over Aunt Judy's letter with Fraulein by-and-by."

For the entrances of Cousin Augustus at that moment followed by a tall, good-looking young man, put an end to the conversation.

A low, large, irregular, picturesque old house, standing in the midst of an old-fashioned rambling garden. The small diamond-paned windows smiled out through clusters of pink and white roses, honeysuckle and sweet peas clambered up the porch.

Over the red roof the high, faint, far away tree-tops stood sleeping against the quiet blue sky; there was not a breath of wind to wake them, not a breath to stir the cool shadows on the gleaming lawn.

The white curtains hung in unruffled starchiness in the airy drawing-room, whose windows, opening out on the lawn, disclosed the spacious dim interior into which the long shadows stretched. Wide, pleasant, cool, well-ordered, smothered to the very roof in flowers, and fragrant with all the delicious odors of June, Leafy Hall looked as if it scarcely deserved the somewhat ungracious sobriquet of "Ennui House." Even the absolute stillness which prevaded the place could scarcely warrant so harsh a title.

It was a bright June day. Nothing but the monotonous hum of bees broke the silence of the drowsy afternoon hours, for the mistress of the house was taking a nap under the great wide-spreading chestnut-tree on the lawn.

An imposing, portly personage was Aunt Judy, with brown curls waving on either side of her face, a round, pleasant, rosy countenance, a suggestion of eyebrows, and a doubly-double chin.

She was dressed in an airy muslin gown with a large flowery pattern of lilac on a white ground, which, with a cap ornamented with roses and pink ribbons that surmounted the brown curls, gave her a somewhat gay appearance.

Her hands were resting on her lap, her eyes closed, he head nodding forward, while her knitting, eluding her otherwise busy fingers, was slowly sliding over the lilac edge.

The gay woods were already scattered in bright profusion on the grass, for a tiny black kitten with impish eyes was making the most of its opportunities.

It seized the blue ball in its mouth, shook it, and carried it a little way, when a long string of pale yellow gleaming on the green grass attracted its attention. The blue ball was instantly abandoned, and away it went, catching its little feet in the red and brown, and rolling over and over in its effort to get free again.

What a little torment that kitten was! Aunt Judy could keep nothing tidy. It was everlastingly in her work-basket upsetting everything; and only yesterday, when the rector was drinking tea with her, that unlucky kitten, seized with an inquisitive fit, clambered up the back of the old lady's chair, and came tumbling down into the middle of the cup.

When Gabrielle, her dear long-lost niece's daughter, came down a week ago to stay with her, Aunt Judy had said—

"Now, Gay, my dear, I shall expect you to keep your eye upon that kitten, for I never can tell what it's going to do next."

And from that time Gay had kept her eye upon that kitten, anticipating every contemplated raid on Aunt Judy's property, except upon that one occasion of the rector's visit. But to-day Gay had altogether forgotten her duty. There she was, high up in the fern walk, sitting on a large stone, her head in her hands, a letter on her knee.

It was a letter from Barbara—a long, affectionate, gossipy letter, such as girls love. After a lengthy account of the tournament and the dance that followed, Barbara went on to say—

"By the way, do you remember Theodore Marston—Ted Marston, you know—who went away to Australia suddenly, ever so long ago? Well, he is come back, and we met him last night. He sang with Francesca, and after awhile he said—

"'Your sister—Gay—is not here, is she? I suppose she is married?'

"'Oh! no,' said Francesca, in that ingenuous way of hers, 'she isn't married; we none of us are. She is down in the country, staying with Aunt Judy. You would hardly know her, I expect. She is quite altered—not at all the sort of girl she was when you were here, when we first called her Gay, you know. What made you think she was married?'

"'I don't know,' said Mr. Ted hesitatingly. 'I heard—that is, I thought——'

"And when Francesca, who was determined to get to the rights of it, asked what he heard, it turned out that he hadn't heard anything. He only imagined it. Wasn't it funny of him?"

Gay read the words over and over again. When Aunt Judy's letter arrived, she had determined at once to give up the ensuing festivities, and having made the sacrifice with a full desire to do her duty, she had come with a cheerful smile and willing hands to amuse and entertain her somewhat exacting relative. As day after day she had set herself resolutely to her task, the remembrance of the gaieties her sisters were enjoying filled her less with a desire to participate in them.

She felt that, after all, such pleasures had but a very fleeting charm for her—that there was a void in her life which amusement could never fill.

When, four years ago, Theodore Marston went away, after weeks of coldness and misunderstanding, followed by a painful and stormy interview, Gabrielle knew that his going would leave an everlasting blank in her life.

The pride which had prevented any attempt at conciliation prevented also any betrayal of feeling to the outside world. There had never been any engagement, and no one—not even her sisters—thought of attributing Theodore's departure to Gabrielle's apparent indifference, or the gradual change in Gabrielle's whole nature to Theodore's absence.

Gay herself scarcely knew that she was changed; the old, buoyant, youthful spirit was indeed still uppermost; but the innocent, thoughtless gaiety was gone for ever. The inherent pride of her nature stood her in good stead. Thoroughly at a loss to understand Theodore's sudden coldness at a time when the friendship between them had been very warm and close, she resolved to shut her heart upon him, and she endeavored to keep her resolve, although the experience of the long years that followed taught her that it was but a vain endeavor.

Now, at last, he had come back, and had seen her sisters. The thought of a meeting which chance circumstance had seemingly prevented, awoke all the old passionate, tumultuous feelings. The impulse to rush away from "Ennui House"—so aptly nicknamed—from Aunt Judy and her work-basket, from the importunate kitten and the more importunate curate, was very strong.

It would be so easy, for Barbara was quite ready to take her place if she would only consent to return, and she knew that Aunt Judy would be willing to accept Barbara's companionship. But pride was stronger than passion. Does happiness ever come for the seeking? Is it not rather in the faithful fulfilment of the duty that lies nearest that happiness, uninvited, comes? Gabrielle thought that it must be so. After all the pain and misery so bravely overcome, should she be weak enough now to confess that regret for the past had power to darken the future?

She dashed the tears from her eyes, crumpled up the letter in her hand, and was about to jump down the steep bank, when a quick, shrill voice broke the silence.

"Oh, dear me! Oh, dear, dear me! To think that you should wake me up like that, you naughty little kitten! and such a beautiful sleep, too! And there's all my pretty work on the ground, after the trouble I've had to match those wools. Gay! Gay! Bless the child, where is she? Gay!" in a louder, shriller treble—"where have you been to, child, to let this creature wake me up?"

Gay stooped down and picked up the wools, carefully sorting one from the other, and placed them on the garden seat.

Then she took up the kitten, who was attentively following her every movement with its paw, and perching it on her shoulder, stood looking down on the perturbed old lady.

"It's a great shame, and I'm very sorry, aunt. I ought to have taken him with me, but I forgot."

"There, child, it's always the same excuse. There never was such a mooning girl, I declare. Never mind; go and get some silver paper and wrap up all these wools separately, and fetch me my smelling-salts and the knitting-needles—the bone ones in the right-hand drawer, on the left side; and tell Mary to look and see if there are any strawberries ready. No, never mind; I'll go myself. Come along, and give me your arm."

Gay, with a sudden remembrance of a hardly-won triumph, made a mental resolve that from henceforth her young arm should always be devoted to Aunt Judy's service.

A few days later, the ladies of Leafy Hall were sitting in the morning-room, when the maid brought in a card, and said a gentleman had called to see her mistress. Now, Aunt Judy had been very busy all the morning, working for a bazaar, and she was at present engaged, with Gay's help, upon a beaded pin-cushion.

"Bless me!" cried the old lady, rolling over a box of delicate pearl beads in her confusion, "Here's my nephew, young Marston, come to see me, without so much as a day's notice. Very inconsiderate of him; and I dare say he's been home a month or more. I shall scold him for it. And to come when I'm so busy, too, and not fit to be seen, although 'tis afternoon. Here, Mary, come and dress me; and you, Gay, pick up all those beads, there's a dear, and finish the pin-cushion, and then all these things can be put away. I must go and see him, I suppose, but he must wait while I get myself tidy. Be quick, Mary, go and get out my sprigged gown, and find me a pretty cap—I'm coming directly. Gay, my dear, I'll show you how to do that pin-cushion when I come down," and so saying, Aunt Judy bustled off.

Gay was on her hands and knees in a moment, anxious to hide the quick flame that leaped into her cheeks. She gathered up all the beads in a fever of excitement, and then sat down on the sofa, waiting breathlessly. After a long, long, long time she heard Aunt Judy toiling down-stairs. The drawing-room door opened; she sprang forward in time to see Aunt Judy's lilac skirts sweep across the threshold—in time to hear, "How do you do, Aunt Judy?" in a strong, sweet voice, that thrilled through every fibre of her being. Yes, it was Theodore—her Theodore. After all, they would meet again. Was it by chance, she wondered, or had he come knowingly, to prove to her how completely and inexorably he had changed? For if he had not changed, would he not have come before?

The sound of the drawing-room bell ringing violently about ten minutes after, made her start and become hot all over. In a few minutes she heard steps advancing. She seized the pin-cushion, and turned it vaguely over and over in her fingers. But it was only the maid with a message from Aunt Judy: "Would Miss Gay please go to the drawing-room?"

The time had come.

As soon as the maid had disappeared, Gabrielle fled to her room, and looked at herself critically in the mirror. She had on a white gown. It was clean and soft-looking, so she would not change it; but quickly arranging her bright curly hair, and fastening a cluster of red roses in her dress, she gave one parting look at her pretty, erect figure, and ran down-stairs.

With a heart beating to suffocation she opened the door, closed it behind her, and walked slowly into the middle of the room.

Theodore rose as she entered, and the two stood looking at each other, half the length of the room between them; he tall, slight, strong, his fair face flushed and eager, his keen blue eyes looking questioningly into hers; she erect and firm, with flushed cheeks, and clear, proud, steady eyes answering his.

"Come, come!" said Aunt Judy, who did not comprehend matters at all, "you know my nephew, Gay? What were you saying, Ted?—that you knew Gay very well, wasn't it? Why don't you shake hands, and make friends with each other? you're not waiting to be introduced, are you?"

Mr. Marston turned crimson to the brow. He advanced a few steps, and held out his hand. Gay also came forward, and laid her fingers icily in his.

"How do you do?" they said stiffly, and then Gay retired to the window-seat, and Theodore, sitting down again by Aunt Judy, continued the conversation with her.

It was all over in a moment. They had met again, but oh! how different was this from the long-hoped-for meeting. Gabrielle felt that she must accept her fate. Once friends, they were now little more than strangers. It was true—they had both changed.

The afternoon passed like a dream. To sit in the same room with him, to be within sound of that thrilling voice, was happiness enough, even with the dark great gulf that lay between them—a gulf which Gay vaguely believed would never be bridged over.

Theodore's absolute self-possession gave the girl courage. Insensibly the conscious hauteur of her manner changed into a quiet indifference. She answered without embarrassment, looking straight at him as she spoke, until at last she gained confidence enough even to address him first. When tea was brought in, Gay served it, and when, as he took the cup from her hand, their fingers touched, the grave eyes looking into his did not swerve for a moment, though the tell-tale color flamed instantly into her cheeks.

The conversation, which otherwise might have been somewhat constrained, was carried on briskly enough, for Aunt Judy was never at a loss, and her delightful unconsciousness of the situation soon put the others at their ease.

Her interest in and affection for her nephew increased every moment, for Theodore's ingenuous manner, his modesty and manliness, were very winning.

Although he had much to tell, he spoke but little of himself. He had been working hard abroad, and needed rest, as his health was suffering.

Finding his native town busily engaged in holiday-making, he had come down to visit an old college friend of his at Leafy End, a village two or three miles distant from Leafy Lane, where he hoped to enjoy the quietude that he needed.

Aunt Judy was all sympathy:

"What was the matter with him, then? She had never heard that he was delicate before."

And then she begged to know the symptoms, as she had certain cures for everything in her medicine chest.

But Theodore laughed and waived the question, saying that the country air had done him good already, and that he hoped to stay until he was really quite well again.

Theodore Marston did stay. For a whole week he came and went, flashing through the dreariness of "Ennui House" like a sunray or a snatch of song.

Many a walk they had—he and Gabrielle—round that old-fashioned garden, but Aunt Judy was always between them; and when, in the moonlight, Gabrielle sat singing at the piano, the songs were always Aunt Judy's favorites, while the good old lady herself sat wide-awake in the big arm-chair, beating time with her knitting-needle.

So the barrier remained, while they seemed content to accept its existence, looking calmly at each other across it, as if they would not have it otherwise.

But at last there came a day when Gabrielle having escorted her aunt to a sewing-meeting at a friend's house about half a mile away, and having kissed her little gloved hands through the great gates, turned—and found herself face to face and alone with Theodore Marston.

They shook hands in silence.

"Aunt Judy's gone to a sewing meeting. She didn't take me, because I don't sew well enough," said Gay, in hurried explanation.

"I am going your way, may I walk with you?" said Theodore, in answer.

"Oh, certainly, if you like," and she slackened her pace a little.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" said he grimly.

"Yes; the summer has begun well enough. We shall have the dog-roses out soon," said she.

"Yes, I see," looking on the ground as he spoke.

Then they walked for some minutes in silence.

"How much longer is this to go on?" he broke out at last. "Have we not dissembled long enough?—Forgive me, Gay," seeing her startled look, "but I cannot attain to your unimpassioned philosophy."

The quick color came and went in Gabrielle's cheeks. She looked down, but made no reply.

"You may despise me; I know you do. For four whole years I have striven with my passion, for four whole years it has been my life's endeavor to efface the memory of you, and the end of it is that I come back again, meek, submissive, humbled, fawning at your feet. Think what you will of me—you never thought too well—but don't send me away again. Although you have wronged me, I love you still——"

"Wronged you?" cried Gay, looking up at him, with a sudden blaze in her eyes. "I do not understand you."

"You do not understand me?" he repeated slowly; "then I will explain. Four years ago, if you remember, you were graciously pleased to treat me as your friend. I loved you from the first, and took no pains to conceal my thoughts. I believed that you loved me. I came one day to tell you everything, I found you in ardent conversation with a—a gentleman. He was bending over you, and holding your hand. I saw you lay your other hand on his arm, and, at the same time, you turned and saw me. I did not wish to intrude upon you; I did not hear your conversation; I only saw for myself, and I knew that you saw me. No explanation was needed, and none was forthcoming. I was proud, so was Aunt. We parted—I went away."

"You were right in going away," cried Gay passionately, "if you could think this of me. You were only wrong in coming back. I wonder how you dare to speak to me like this."

"I am sorry to have offended you; I am rude, perhaps, but I can't help it. I might

to have conquered my resentment by this time, and I thought that I had done so, but the recollection of it comes back all the more vividly for being so long buried, and it stirs me to say things that otherwise I would not have said. We will dismiss the subject, if you choose, for ever."

"No, Theodore, I do not choose. Having recalled the past, let us give it a fair hearing. You say that I gave no explanation of that interview with Arthur Lindon. Had you given me any right or any reason to do so?"

"You must have known I loved you."

"You had never said so. For my own part, in my absolutely childish ignorance, I never thought any explanation necessary. I trusted implicitly in your friendship. I did not think you could not trust mine. It was Barbara whom Arthur Lindon cared for. It was Barbara of whom we were talking then, for we were good friends enough, and he knew I always took his part with Barbara. There is no harm in speaking of it now, perhaps. He is dead."

Theodore gazed at her in shocked silence. To a refined and sensitive nature, such as his really was, there was something very touching and terrible in the thought that an innocently-minded fellow creature, whom his own pride and folly had created into an enemy, had passed for ever beyond the power of human resentment and human injustice.

For some moments both were too agitated to speak.

"Gay, my darling," said Theodore at last, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "will you forgive me? I have been very wrong, but I have to suffer for my folly."

The blaze in Gay's earnest eyes had melted into tears. She turned and looked at him reproachfully.

"Have I not suffered too? Oh, Theodore!"

No more words were needed. The next moment she was in Theodore's arms, and Theodore's kisses banished all her tears.

* * * * *

"Well, to be sure!" said good Aunt Judy, when, toiling slowly homewards an hour afterwards, she came suddenly upon the lovers arm-in-arm in the lane. "Well, to be sure? And I suppose I may walk home alone, eh? This is the meaning of your devotion to your aunt, young man. Your complaint was heart-ache, I suppose. Well, well! she's a good girl, is Gay, and I shan't forget you on your wedding-day, my dear."

How I Was Deceived.

BY W. T.

BLANCHE GRAHAM was a beautiful woman, with languid, dreamy eyes, yet she seemed neither indolent nor passionate, and one would say that, even in her repose, she was keenly alert.

Her lips, though thin and drawn tightly over her long but exquisitely white and even teeth, yet had in their arches a slight fulness which, to the experienced physiognomist, is indicative either of unyielding will or of sensuousness—not sensuality. Her nose was almost Grecian in its strength, contour, and right nostrils, but there was nothing in her demeanor to indicate either Grecian hauteur or Grecian force.

She was beautiful; but was she good, true, and trusty? That question I asked myself over and over again, in the solitude of my room when, away from the witchery of her eyes, the spell of her presence, I was drawn to her by a nameless art. She excited my sympathies by a confidence that, to the honorable mind, is sure to challenge a like return. But, with singular inconsistency, when I recalled each interview, I read in that artlessness an artifice too deep for proof, yet apparent to my unblinded vision.

Over and over again I said, "I will be on my guard, and not be led like a bird to the snare;" and, confident of my strength, I sought her alluring presence nightly, not seeing, silly boy that I was, that I was drifting away from the ground of my own reason, and floating on a tide of passion that might take me out upon a troublesome sea.

That Blanche loved me appeared to me certain, judging from her confidence and demeanor; but that she coveted me, I saw just as clearly.

Her advances against the citadel of my reserve were indeed cautious, but they were just as steady as the pressing of the water against the bank which it is to overflow; and I, seeing this clearly, yet made feeble and less feeble efforts to shake off the influence that held me a prisoner, until one evening found her in my arms—my betrothed!

I had yielded—she had won.

When I went home that night, I shook as if with an ague.

With the excess of my passion and happiness? Ah, no! With unhappiness. I saw before me shapes of evil which would not away.

What a fool I had been! How could I face my fate? I could not face it, and so determined to play the coward's part, and run away.

No sooner was this decision made than I became a free man once more. There fell from my shoulders a load, and I set my teeth with the firmness of a nature that rarely has resolved in vain. It was not a chivalrous act to fly the ills I dare not face; but that was a moment of too great peril to body and soul of me to stand upon a point of honor. Nature, instinct, reason—call it as you will—warned me away.

Proceeding to my room, in the dormitory of the college, I carefully gathered and packed all my books and superfluous clothes in my large black leather trunk, which I labeled with a card, "John Campbell, to be called for;" and directed to the tutors whose friendship I knew I could trust. Then, filling a carpet-bag with my linen and necessary articles, I stole away unnoticed, reaching the railway station just as the midnight express train came thundering along.

Next morning I stood in the dining-room of my own residence, to the amazement of my father and mother, and the unmistakable delight of Alice Edwards.

"What in the world?" cried mother. "Is it you, John? What has happened?"

Father said not a word, but awaited, in silence, my answer.

Alice's eyes beamed gladness.

She could receive me without questions.

I had thought all this over, and, loving both father and mother, had resolved to make a "clean breast" of it to them. This made the answer easy. But Alice? Did I care to have her know all? Alice, whom I had fondly loved from her first advent, a waif, eight years before. That plain, homely face, not a line of beauty in it, and yet as full of sweetness as a rose, would bear the truth—indeed, would be all the happier for the truth, I thought. I hesitated no longer when she came up.

"What is it, dear Johnny?"

I kissed her first, then mother; shook hands with father, and, while the coffee cooled in the pot, told my story, keeping nothing back.

"Well, my boy, better this than something worse. You are not the first man taken in by a pretty girl;" and the old gentleman looked roguishly into mother's still fair, expressive face. "The very meanest soul I ever fathomed was that of Daisy Day—you know her, wifey; and the most heartless woman I ever met was a village belle, as great a beauty as one will see in a year's search. I've lived long enough to know that woman, far more than man, can dissemble and gainsay her outward form by her inward deformity. I'm not, therefore, surprised, but I confess I like not this midnight flight; it savors of cowardice; it is not the course of honor."

"I know it, father; still I am so persuaded that this Blanche Graham is all art and hypocrisy, that I cannot give her the right to the consideration which an honorable person would claim."

Mother was silent. Alice sighed audibly. Why did they neither approve or condemn? A woman's heart is a battery easily charged, yet there are atmospheres to which it is as dead as if the currents of feeling and passion were wanting. But he is a dull student of woman's nature who does not see, in this quiescence, the most positive of all conditions. It is not impassiveness, not indifference, not fear of speech that affects them to silence; it is, on the contrary, exquisite feeling, and that intuitive apprehension of relations which, solving a problem as by a flash, seals their lips in moments when man is most voluble and pronounced in his expressions.

I knew that mother saw me as I was; I felt it in my soul that she had fathomed a truth, up to that moment unconfessed even to myself, that despite my flight and repudiation of the betrothal, I yet was in the toils of love's enthralment; I was neither free nor safe in myself.

A pang as keen as a knife-thrust shot through my breast; the love for Blanche Graham was not left behind in that midnight escape from her bodily presence; it was in the heart, not a deadened or benumbed sense, but a vital, overmastering power. I shivered and sickened. And Alice? She sat staring at me with those sweet blue eyes; speaking tenderness and pity in their mute language, but around the mouth were lines of pain so marked that I started. She arose suddenly, glided to my side, bent over and kissed my forehead, and then hurriedly left the room.

"What ails Alice, wifey?"

No reply, save a sad smile.

"I see nothing for it, John, but for you to go down to Manchester until this affair blows over. You can stay there with my partner, Mr. Custer. I'll write all the explanations necessary. You may start by the afternoon train."

So it was arranged. I saw nothing of Alice all that day; but just before I left the house for the station, she came down from her room to say good-bye. She evidently had been weeping, and her pale face looked thin and pinched, and if she had suddenly grown to thirty—twice her years.

"What is it, Alice, darling?" I exclaimed, drawing her to my bosom.

"Nothing—nothing, Johnny; only—only I am so sorry for what has happened, and that you are going away. Good-bye, Johnny!" and she gave me her lips to kiss.

Before I could recover from my surprise at her unwonted forwardness, she had gone back to her room again, and I saw her no more.

The next day, I sat in Mr. Custer's office—a sober, earnest, thoughtful person for one whose years were not yet twenty-one.

How eagerly I plunged into business! Full of vigor and youthful elasticity, I could not well overwork myself, and yet, had I been only half as strong, I must have worked all the same to keep at bay a misery that at times was almost unendurable.

The shadow of Blanche Graham never left my side. I grew fairly to loathe it; but it was there all the same; and in my dreams we met again, always as lovers. Do what I could there was no forgetfulness for me; and, as the months whirled away, I became a mystery even to myself, so changed was I from my old, joyous self. I, too, was grown old suddenly; twice my real years seemed to weigh me down.

Mr. and Mrs. Custer having known nothing of me before my entrance into their family circle, of course, detected no change; but I could see by their attention and kindness toward me that they were anxious in my behalf. Mr. Custer would try to force me away from work; Mrs. Custer would seek to woo me into society, would invite the most charming people in to "spend an evening." But I cannot say I enjoyed any diversion; work, action, the assertion of myself, alone appeased my tormenting shade.

All this time I wrote freely and candidly to father and mother, as also did Mr. Custer, judging from the tone of letters from home, which warned me against over-work; and finally threatened me with removal "if I would persist in fighting fire with my bare hands," as father expressed it.

But never a line came from Alice. She "sends love," mother almost uniformly added at the end of her long, confiding communications; but that was all, and I grew to believe the little homely-faced creature had really but slight interest in me. At which, I sighed—more from mortified pride than from regret, I fear.

Taking the position of traveller, I took the northern route, and extended the trade of the house considerably. I became browned by exposure, grew a full beard, and became otherwise so changed, that my own parents would hardly have recognised me. All thoughts of returning home were abandoned.

I heard nothing of Blanche Graham—knew not if she were living or dead, and her memory after three years' struggle became a dead sorrow, but not a forgotten one. Little Alice Edwards I remembered only as a child whom my good mother had rescued from want and brought up as her own—a homely but thoroughly good creature, whom I hoped some day to see married to some equally homely and good man.

One evening, I met, at dinner, a young woman whom the excellent Mrs. Custer introduced as her niece—Miss Elsie Bates. She was a fair, sweet-faced girl, with a wealth of hair, and a voice of exquisite richness; and her eyes were those of a gazelle in their tenderness and lustre.

I looked upon her with undisguised admiration, I suppose, for her face was richly suffused with a flush as I stared and stammered. "How do you do, Miss Bates? at the same moment familiarly grasping her hand. I could only add, "Excuse me, Miss Bates; I have been so much among tradespeople of late, that I have become somewhat rude in my manners."

Mr. Custer and his wife laughed heartily, and Miss Bates, with great good-nature, put me at my ease.

I laughed, and forthwith felt "at home" with Miss Bates. Nor for a moment did I put on my armor of defence against a pretty face, as I had grown to do through my years of unhappiness.

I did not talk business that night. I did not go to my club the next night, but went with Miss Bates to the theatre; and, to make a long story short, I offered the niece of Mrs. Custer my hand and heart.

"Are you wholly heart-free, John?" she asked.

The question stung me, not with the old sense of a dagger-thrust, but rather with that of nettles, for my whole body grew hot.

It was but a passing sense, a little shock; and I answered, "Heart-whole, dear Elsie."

"Are you sure?" her lips said. But her eyes, so loving and glowing, answered her lips.

In some surprise, I said, "I once loved a woman unworthy of me, and fled from her. I have for three years fought against that first passion, and I can say, in all truth, that I have conquered it. Were she to appear to-night before me, I could receive her with indifference."

"Blanche Graham was that woman," added Miss Bates.

I sprang to my feet. How did she know? Who had betrayed my secret?

"How about Alice Edwards—did you not love her?" she persisted, with provoking, but happy, inquisitiveness—happy, if her new radiant face told the truth.

"Alice Edwards—darling little Alice? Why, I—I really never thought of it! Love her? Yes, I do love her, I believe—the poor homely, sweet-tempered child! She is a child to me—my foster-sister, and if mother will give her to us, how happy we shall be!"

Before I had finished, Miss Bates arose, and stood at my side—not in anger, but in confidence and trust.

Pacing her hand upon my shoulder, she said, "Alice has grown to be a woman, John—a not unbeautiful person, I am told. And your mother's letter to Mrs. Custer, received today, informs her that the entire family—your father, mother, and Alice—will be here in a few days. Now, John, while I do not doubt your love for me, I cannot accept your hand until you have seen Alice, and she consents that you may take me for your wife. Nay, do not try to change this purpose," she added, seeing my disquiet. "I love you too well to have you make a further error in your own love-life. Therefore, good night, and sweet dreams to you!" And she was gone.

Mrs. Custer came in at the moment.

"Who is Miss Bates, Mrs. Custer?" I demanded, somewhat peremptorily.

"Well, sir, she is Miss Bates, I suppose. She is, to, I may say, a friend of your mother's and of Alice Edwards. She is a very dear girl, and if you can win her for a wife, Mr. Campbell, you will indeed be a happy man!"

And the lady drew herself up somewhat proudly, as if to resent anything I might say to the contrary.

"Humph!" That was not a very expressive rejoinder, but it was all I gave as I turned about sharply, bolted from the room, and soon was in bed, still wondering, "Who is Miss Bates?"

I returned late the following evening, having seen nothing of Miss Bates in the morning before leaving.

I was, in fact, in a temper; I didn't care to see her—at least, I said to myself. The first person I confronted in the hall, as I entered, ere I had doffed my hat, was my mother—my own dear mother.

"My boy, is it you?" she sobbed, looking wistfully into my face. "Oh, how changed, yet my own boy!"

"Your boy, mother, just as ever."

Then father came forward, and happy was the greeting.

With one upon each arm I entered the parlor, my eyes wandering searchingly around.

"Where is she—Alice?"

"Alice, darling, come!" cried mother.

The library door opened, and there stood—Miss Bates!

"Johnny, dear, forgive me!" she cried, as she flew to my arms. "I am Alice Edwards."

"Alice, darling, is it you?" was all I could say, as I strained her to my breast.

"There, boy, you've got the right girl this time!" exclaimed father, slapping me on the back. "No running away now, sir, d'ye hear?"

"Dear, dear, Johnny!" my beloved whispered, her lips on my own.

"Dinner!" called out Mr. Custer; and, drawing mother away—the happiest mother in all that city—father led the way to the dining-room.

What a sight! Had the elves been at work to transform the house into a bower of roses? I had read of the "aroma of sweet dreams," as a poetic fancy here was its reality.

The room was festooned with flowers, the table was loaded with them, and between two plates lay two magnificent camellias, tied by a white and blue ribbon. At these plates were we—Alice and I—seated.

The old folks confessed to have hatched the conspiracy to pass Alice off as Miss Bates, seeing that she was so changed in form and feature as to be unrecognizable by their son, whose intense work-life they so earnestly desired to break up. And the result, I was caught. Alice did feel a little guilty at that "angling for a husband," as Mr. Custer called it; but she was so supremely happy that she forgot to sigh over her share in the little game.

Alice became my wife that autumn, when our dear old home in the suburbs of the metropolis witnessed a burst and blaze of nuptial glory that was a nine days' wonder. I traced out, as far as possible, my old college chums, and invited them to the wedding.

To my astonishment—not my dismay—there came my class fellow, Charley Pelton, and on his arm a very beautiful woman, his wife, in whom I recognised Blanche Graham. She had captured a brave, good soul, but, ere the evening had half-passed, I knew that in that soul rankled a wound too deep for healing. He turned from his wife with loathing, as I saw with eyes that were not to be deceived.

Did he know what had been my relations to Blanche? Probably not.

It only needed that ordeal to prove how dead she was to me, and thus to consummate a happiness which few men are permitted to enjoy.

BIG LAND-HOLDERS.—Everybody knows that a small number of men own the bulk of the land in Great Britain, but there is always something startling about the figures. The total area of England and Wales, after deducting the metropolitan area of London, is 37,243,859 acres, or about that of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware combined. Of this a single person owns 186,397 acres, or a two hundreth part of the whole; a second, 132,996 acres, and a third 102,785 acres. Sixty-six persons own 1,917,076 acres, which would be equivalent to Delaware and the three lower counties of New Jersey; 280 own 5,425,794 acres, which is a tract considerably larger than the whole State of New Jersey; 874 own 9,297,031 acres, at which rate 1,000 persons would own a full third of New York State. A body of men which does not exceed 4,500 owns more than one-half of all England and Wales. In Scotland the situation is still worse. The area of that country is 18,946,694 acres, which is a little more than that of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont together. One man owns 1,326,000 acres, which is as though a single individual owned a tract as large as Rhode Island and all of Massachusetts from Fall River to the end of Cape Cod; two others own 431,000 and 424,000 acres respectively, or between them more than enough to make another Rhode Island; twenty-four men own 4,931,884 acres, which falls but little short of the area of Massachusetts; twelve persons own nearly one-quarter of Scotland; seventy persons own about one-half of it; and nine-tenths of the whole country belongs to fewer than 1,700 persons. Ireland contains 20,159,678 acres, which makes it not quite the size of Maine. One person owns 170,119 acres; 292 hold about one-third of the island; 744 hold about one half of all the land. Two-thirds of England and Wales are held by only 10,207 persons; two-thirds of Ireland by 1,942, and two thirds of Scotland by but 330.

A BILL of $45 paid by a Government official who summoned the services of a tug to aid in putting out a fire that endangered Federal property in Detroit has been rejected by the auditing officer, to whom it was sent in Washington, on the ground that there was no evidence showing that the work had been done "by the lowest bidder."

Which Was The Hero?

BY A. P.

"THE man I marry must be a hero," said Ethel Warren, as she cast aside two letters she had just read.

Quiet, puzzled, her aunt wiped her spectacles, and glanced at the missives with an odd smile.

Both epistles were proposals of marriage. One was from a wealthy, handsome, young merchant in an adjoining city; the other from her father's engineer.

"What presumption!" cried Ethel, wrathfully, pouting her crimson lips. "A common workman daring to aspire to the hand of his employer's daughter!"

"You must admit, Ethel dear, you rather encouraged James Allport's attentions, although, as you say, he is only a workman in your father's mill, having an aged mother dependent on him for support. He will make his mark in the future, I feel certain."

"I encouraged him?" answered Ethel, in open-eyed wonder, her crimson lips curling scornfully, an angry light deepening in the sparkling, brown eyes. "When I chanced to meet the man, I always spoke courteously, even pleasantly——"

"And talked to him by the hour whenever you went down to the mill," said her aunt, gravely.

"That was only to pass away time, auntie dear. Why, a girl would die of ennui without someone to talk to, in this quiet little village!"

"You never stopped to remember, Ethel, it was dangerous to the peace of mind of a young, impulsive, warm-hearted honest fellow like Allport to be thrown a most constantly in a pretty young girl's society, without falling desperately in love with her. If you should ask my opinion which of the two you should actually choose, my preference would be James Allport. For if ever you married Edward Stirling, and his wealth should take wings, what would become of you? There is something in his dandified manner that I always disliked."

And having said this, Ethel's aunt left the room. It was no hard matter to decide which of the two lovers pretty Ethel Warren preferred.

Without a second glance, the workman's letter found its way into the bed of glowing coals that burned and flickered in the grate.

Over the other missive—a gushing, closely-written epistle—Ethel sat dreaming, as girls will, of the handsome hero who had penned it.

"Edward will come to-morrow for his answer," she murmured, softly.

One glance into that rosy, dimpled face would tell the reader what her answer was to be.

"And as for James Allport," she continued ruefully, "I shall laugh him out of the matter, scornfully, as if it were a joke. What would Edward say, with his fastidious tastes and set ideas of equality, if he ever dreamed this man had dared——"

"Ethel—Ethel! Where in the world are you? I have been looking everywhere for you."

Ethel had just time to press a kiss upon the envelope, and thrust in her pocket, as her mother hurriedly entered the room.

"Here is a telegram from your father, dear," she said, "saying he cannot return from London. So you must run down to the mill and let Mr. Kingston know."

There was no one else to send, and Ethel had no other alternative than to tie on her straw hat, pick up the telegram, and whisk down the path to the mill.

The great golden sun had set behind the fleecy clouds that skirted the western horizon, giving promise of a delightful June evening.

"If Edward was only here to enjoy this pretty sunset!" she sighed aloud.

"Edward is here!" cried a voice at her elbow.

And turning, she saw the hero of her fanciful air-castles standing before her, smilingly.

"I—I—thought you would not be here till to-morrow?" exclaimed Ethel, blushing rosily.

"I could not remain away until to-morrow," answered the young man, gaily. "Will you give me an answer to my letter now, darling?"

Woman like, the young girl replied, shyly. "Not now, please. I will think it over and answer you to-morrow."

In after years, when she looked back with a shudder upon that evening, she knew it must have been fate that prompted that answer.

Edward Stirling smiled satisfiedly to himself.

He was quite sure the answer would not be "No." And, after all, one day was not a great length of time to wait.

"I am so glad I met Edward," Ethel was thinking. "He shall go to the mill with me, and prevent a possible conversation with presumptuous James Allport."

Just as Ethel had surmised, the first person she met upon entering the door of the mill was James Allport, a handsome, genial young fellow, good-looking even in the working-clothes he wore.

A glad, happy light broke over his face as he caught sight of his employer's daughter, only to die away again upon beholding her companion, while he respectfully touched his cap as they passed him on the stairway towards the private office beyond.

Owing to repairing in the main office, a small room in the rear, accessible only by a narrow, unprotected stairs, had been set apart for the transaction of private business.

Yet the close proximity of immense wheels in constant motion, the liberal display of numerous placards—"Danger!" "Keep Away!"—prevented many from venturing in the direction of the narrow stairway to the private office, save the cautious employes used to threading narrow passages where death lurked in a single misstep.

The village bell had tolled the hour of six. The ponderous wheels were still, as Ethel, followed by her companion, nimbly climbed the stairway.

At the end of a narrow ledge, about midway, stood a window, which commanded a view of the steep, rocky bank far down below, over which the white-foamed water dashed furiously.

Both stopped involuntarily to admire the fine panorama spread out before them.

"Suppose," whispered Ethel, archly, "I was to fall from the window to the rocks below. Would you stretch out your arms——"

"You well know my life would be nothing without you. I would certainly stretch out my arms," he answered, promptly, suiting the action to the word, and clasping close his pretty companion as if to prevent such a possibility.

Ethel Warren laughed a pretty, bright, sparkling laugh, that sounded strangely through the silent, deserted mill, and brought the bitterness of hope crushed out to a lonely man sitting with his head bent on his clasped hands, below.

At that instant Ethel laughingly freed herself from her companion's embrace. She had brought the message too late. Her father's partner had gone home.

So the lovers retraced their steps leisurely, not noticing the golden sunset had deepened into shadows of twilight. It was so sweet to be assured over and over again how much she was to him.

"I would give my life to serve you, and deem it very well spent," he said to her tenderly.

And Ethel, looking up into his handsome face, believed his love the greatest happiness of her young life, so soon to enter his keeping forever.

Little did either dream, in retracing their steps, of the terrible moment fast approaching, which should prove that devotion.

The pair had descended but a few steps through the deepening shadows when a sound that froze the very blood in their veins fell upon their ears; a low, dull, rumbling sound, followed by a grating noise.

Then the great ponderous wheels between which they must pass in the uncertain light began slowly to revolve, gaining in velocity with every revolution.

"My God!"

The words—a prayer, scarcely audible—burst from Ethel Warren's pale lips. Then suddenly she remembered, owing to the press of orders, the night-work had been resumed.

The great wheels deadened every sound, Edward Stirling took in the situation with paling brow. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

He dared neither advance nor retreat. A step in any direction might prove fatal. He shrieked aloud in horror for help.

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" moaned Ethel piteously.

But he neither saw nor heard her. Another startling discovery had burst upon him.

The great belt which held the wheels above their heads was slowly giving away. At any moment the instrument of death might come whirling, crushing down upon them. It could stand the strain but a few moments more.

Stirling saw the white, horrified face of a man gazing up at them, one who had taken in the full horrors of the situation at a single glance.

In a hoarse voice he shouted up above the din—

"It is madness to attempt to stop the wheel! The belt is giving away! Hold Ethel firm, and drop her over the ledge to me. Quick, in Heaven's name, man!"

But all thoughts, save self-preservation, had fled from the lover of a short time ago. He need not James Allport's shouts, nor the moans of the terror-stricken girl.

One chance of escape lay before him. Quick as thought he dashed open the window, balanced himself a moment on the sill, and leapt far out into the waters below, leaving Ethel to her fate.

Allport had witnessed all. What was his life to him, and the woman he loved in deadly peril! Past the hissing wheels he rushed like lightning, beneath the ponderous belt that swung to and fro in mid-air above him. On, on he sped. At last he grasped her swaying form.

"My darling, save me!" moaned the white lips, as she sank into his arms, while he made the perilous descent, her words giving him new courage and strength.

Step by step he sped breathlessly. Another step, and they had gained the arch beyond. And not a moment too soon.

With a buzzing sound, the great belt parted, and the ponderous wheel, with the rapidity of lighting, crashed down upon the spot where Ethel had stood.

Papers teemed, the next day, with news of the "Mill Accident." Only three persons knew how near it had been to being chronicled "A tragedy!"

A change came over Ethel Warren after that night.

In that one awful moment she had learned to value the true love of the man who had risked his life to save hers.

James Allport is her husband now, and, as she says, smilingly, a true hero.

As for Edward Stirling, he escaped quite uninjured, only too glad to hide himself from the girl to whom he had proved an ignoble coward.

He could not bear to see his rival wear the jewel he knew he might have won.

James Allport is now a partner in the mill; yet he never ceases to thank the fate that gave him a bride, though to gain her he passed through the ordeal of that terrible moment.

ON PERCH AND ROOST.

An English writer has collated the following as among the popular superstitions relating to barnyard fowls, and starts out practically as follows:

If the cock moults before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
If the hen moults before the cock,
We shall have weather as hard as a block.

"If the hens gather on a rising ground, and trim their feathers, it a sign of rain." "If the the cock stays on the roost longer in the morning than usual, it is a sign of wet." A custom prevailed years ago, in country places and lone farm-houses in Derbyshire, for girls to peep through the keyholes of house doors before opening them on St. Valentine's Day; if fortune was good to them, and they saw a cock and a hen in company, the omen was favorable that it might be taken for granted the person most interested would be married before the year was out. It is considered very bad luck indeed to gather eggs and bring them into the house after dark; and many persons would not sell eggs at night. Others consider, to assure a proper amount of laying on the part of their hens, it is necessary that the eggs should be collected each day in the forenoon, and be brought into the house about noon. Eggs ought not to be gathered at all on Sunday, and no hen must be "set" on that day, or after dark of any other day of the week. A hen must not be set with twelve eggs under her, the number must be eleven or thirteen. Thirteen is the best—the most lucky number. If twelve eggs are sat upon, the hen will scarcely succeed in hatching them, and if hatched, the chickens will do no good.

When a hen has laid ninety-nine ordinary sized eggs, she lays a very small one, which is called the "cent egg," or "cock's egg." This egg is a peculiar one, not so large as a pigeon's egg. It contains no yolk, but is full of albumen. The Derbyshire folks say that could the "cent egg" be hatched forth would come a cockatrice. It was a cock that assured Themistocles of his victory over Xerxes. Aristophanes tells us that he reigned supreme over Persia before the time of Darius and Megabazus. Numa Pompilius, the early Roman king, was inspired by a cock, and Romulus was inspired by the same bird in his decision as to the site of Rome. He was sacred to Mars, Apollo, Mercury and Æsculapius. Mohammed found a cock in the first heaven, so huge a bird that his crest touched the second heaven. The Moslem doctors say that Allah lends a willing ear to him who reads the Koran, to him who prays for pardon, and to the cock, whose chant is devine melody. When the cock ceases to crow the day of judgment will be at hand. The cock on church-spires is to remind men not to deny their Lord as Peter did. The cock was the warlike ensign of the Goths, as it is to the present day of the Malays, and that, therefore, it was put in Gothic churches for ornament. When placed on hotels, as is customary in some parts of Switzerland and France, especially Normandy, as in the case in one notable instance in New York, it is the emblem signifying "Good cheer within."

The crowing of the cock has always exercised an indefinable influence on mankind; it covered the shuffling Peter with shame and it has furnished innumerable poets with stocks of phrases. In some places, it is true, the cock is regarded with not altogether unmalevolent sentiments. An African tribe complains bitterly that it was all through the cock that they remained black and different from the rest of mankind. The great creating Spirit, it is said, set himself during the daytime to model the human race. By sundown he had fashioned about fifty different figures out of clay, but they were all more or less brown, and some of them were quite black. He set them up in a row and inspected them before it got quite dark, and then it appeared that they would look better if they were white.

So he mixed a pot of whitewash, and set about daubing them by the light of the moon. But it was troublesome work, and he did not get on very fast. At last, when he had a score or more to whiten, day dawned, and the cock crew, and he came to the conclusion that the rest must remain as they were. And so it came to pass that some of the races of mankind are red and brown, while the poor negro has remained quite black—and all through a troublesome cock, who would crow when he was not wanted.

NEW LONDON, Conn., claims to have the cheekiest man on record. He rented a house and for three months paid no attention to the landlord's request for the rent money. At the end of that time he called upon the owner, handed him the key, and said that he was sorry, but he would have to give up the house as the rent was too high for his means. The landlord quietly accepted the key, took the key, and the man on the check walked off.

There are more than fifty-four thousand post-offices in the United States. Locate them on a continuous line, half a mile apart, and they would reach around the earth, and still enough to be left over to almost cover the State of Rhode Island with [illegible]

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The other day a Scotch porter arrived at the Westminster Aquarium (London) with a wheelbarrow, weighing 21 pounds, which he had trundled from Dundee. He was very "hard up," the rent was due, the taxes were due, the grocer, the butcher, and the baker were clamorous for money. So James Gordon determined to "do something to make a stir in the world," and his success along the road shows how very little is necessary to effect that useful object. He made a small fortune by collections on the way, and is now off home again.

The missal that accompanied, as a present from Rome, the Bull of the Pope proclaiming Henry VIII., of England, "Defender of the Faith," is said to be the best manuscript in the world. It is executed, with wondrous art, in letters of gold upon purple vellum. The German government paid the Duke of Hamilton $50,000 for it; snapped it up while the British Museum authorities were dickering for it, and trying to get it at a lower price; and loyal Britons are still mourning that it is lost to England forever. So far as is known, it is the most costly book in existence.

A French surgeon has recently communicated a very interesting fact concerning the surgery of fingers. A man, while passing over a gate lost the whole skin of one of his fingers, a ring round one of them having got caught between the gate and iron bar, and the weight of the man while jumping having forcibly dragged the finger through the ring. The ring and the skin remained an entire hour on the gate. The surgeon secured both, and reintroduced the severed finger into its normal envelope. Although the whole skin did not adhere, a good part of it was restored to life; and it is possible that, if the operation could have been performed earlier, the result might have been quite satisfactory.

"Sloyd" is a Scandinavian word used to designate a system of education which is becoming popular in Sweden and some other European countries, and which aims at establishing handicraft as one of the subjects generally taught in school. The promoters of the Sloyd movement propose that all children in boarding-schools shall be instructed in such industries as modelling, wood-carving, joinery, locksmith's work, &c., so that they may acquire manual skill and taste for domestic work, and be enabled to beautify their homes at little expense. It would prepare the children of the lower class for every kind of mechanical work, and form an agreeable relaxation to the mental labor required of the young men at the universities. Germany, Sweden, and Denmark are the pioneers of this new branch of education.

About twelve miles from Dubuque, Ia., upon a blackened, desolate prairie, there is a grand monastery of the most severe of the religious orders. Every morning at 2 o'clock the monks arise. Their only bed is a hard plank. Then they pray for seven hours in wooden stalls that are so constructed that they will not permit of their reclining, but which either compel them to stand or kneel the entire time. Their prayers completed, their next duty is for each to go into the yard and dig a part of his own grave, and when they have it completed, they fill it up again and repeat the operation indefinitely throughout their lives. They are not permitted to speak to each other except by special dispensation, which is very rarely given except at the close of each meal, when each says to the other in Latin "Memento mori." "Remember you must die." Their food is of the very poorest. So they groan year after year until they die, and are placed in graves dug by their own hands. No headstones with their name marks their last resting place. Only the name they have adopted when entering the monastery is placed above them. All else is omitted.

A really pretty and unique feature of one Chinese god's festival is that on three successive evenings all his worshippers bring their pet singing-birds—generally larks, which they habitually carry about with them in their pretty cages, just as Americans go out accompanied by their dogs. Thus a crowd of several hundred larks are assembled, and all are brought into the brilliantly illuminated temple. The cages, which are covered for the occasion, are suspended from horizontal rainbows, so that presently the whole temple is full of them. On a given signal, all the coverings are removed, and the astonished larks, supposing that they have overslept themselves, and allowed the sun to rise without their morning hymn, make up for lost time by bursting forth into a most amazing chorus of song, which they keep up for about a couple of hours, equally to the delight of the human crowd, rich and poor, and of the beneficent deity who is thus honored. So these people, who resist the progress of the Christian religion, and to which claims the praises of Buddha, leave the birds also to do their part in the general [illegible]

[illegible] charitable, to do good without [illegible] the sources of [illegible] unless you give thoughtfully. It is [illegible] not "Blessed is he that [illegible] but "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a [illegible] ness are often worth more than a [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE WAVE BROTHERS.

BY NEVA SYLVESTER.

So quickly did he skim along the ground that Hedva and Yeva could distinguish none of the objects they passed by.

All seemed wrapped in a luminous continuous mist, until, reaching a deserted wooded valley, the monarch suddenly slackened his speed, and they saw to their horror that all the underwood around them was on fire, and crackling and blazing fiercely in a boisterous wind.

Great tongues of flame darting across the path seemed to forbid him further progress, while showers of sparks flew around them and lighted up the long, sad-looking trees that waved and groaned overhead.

For one instant Hedva hesitated. Certain death appeared to await them if they dared to turn back, would they be capable of all their noises.

One look at Yeva decided him. Her eyes were [illegible] and resembled determination [illegible]

"Yeva, [illegible]

[illegible] magic [illegible]

[illegible] pathway [illegible]

The hot breath of the fire fanned their faces, the whole air seemed [illegible] and crackling and [illegible] Yeva covered [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Vendi! Vendi!" [illegible] Hedva desperately, his voice [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

At last [illegible] the [illegible] rage, the flames died out, and the [illegible] [illegible] of the moon shone [illegible] [illegible] blackened shrubs and [illegible] [illegible] the desolate valley.

"Well done, Vendi! [illegible] done [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

IN WINTER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HOW IT IS MADE.

No one knows when soap was first invented. There are few traces of its use among the ancient peoples. It has been suggested that certain kinds of unctuous clay were used in the place of soap, and fuller's earth is still largely used by cleaners, as well as for many household purposes.

There are also berries about the size of gooseberries, known as soap berries, commonly used in the West Indies by the negroes, whose clothing is not injured by the acid that, together with a large amount of fatty matter, is contained in these fruit. Failing soap, any kind of grease or fat would be better than nothing, and it is very probable that the oil so plentifully used by the ancients was prized because it made countenances clean as well as shining. There are some kinds of dirt that can best be removed by fat, as for instance, tar or printing ink; and the cleaning properties of a weak alkali were known long before alkalies were called by that mame.

Wood ashes have still in many parts of Europe a considerable value sufficient to make them a carefully guarded perquisite of domestic servants, who sell them to laundresses. It is a piece of verbiage to say that wood ashes contain potash, for that substance gets its name from having been first noticed in the ash left by the burning of plants to boil the pot. An ingenious suggestion of the way in which soap was first invented has been made by a popular writer.

The fat in the pot boiled over, and, running down among the ashes, combined with them to form soft soap. The man who collected those ashes for cleaning purposes found the fatty lump embedded in them particularly efficacious, and —as we may suppose—anxiously expected his pot to boil over again until, in course of time, he learned to dispense with accident, and purposely to combine the hot fat, hot water, and potash in just the same primitive way as soap balls are now occasionally made of refuse fat in private houses.

Ashes are mixed with water, and boiled until all the water is evaporated, and only the lees remain, and this is the alkali combined with the fat, in the place of the caustic soda or potash that can be bought ready for the purpose, in order to save the long process of boiling, which must last many hours.

Soft soap was, no doubt, first made; to produce hard soap soda must be substituted for potash, and besides, soap is spoken of as an unguent, and the hard does not answer to that description.

Many soaps are now sold containing carbolic acid and other substances of more or less value, as disinfectants. They are largely used, both in hospital wards and in private houses, for washing and cleaning purposes; but their action upon the skin may be injurious, and makes the hands rough if its use is too long continued.

Carbolic soap is valuable to travellers, on account of its being obnoxious to all insect life. There are many varieties, some quite unfitted for toilet purposes, and only intended for scrubbing; but the best qualities may be used on even the tenderest skins without harm.

Glycerine soap is a mixture of soap and glycerine, and is susposed, on account of the latter imgredient, to be particularly beneficial to the skin. Most names, however, do not tell much of the contents. Thus curd soap, which is usually the purest of all commercial soap, is made of tallow and soda, with some oil or lard to give softness; it is remelted and crushed, and used with various scents and colors as the basis of fancy soaps.

Honey soap contains no honey, and old brown Windsor was originally brown with age, though it is now often colored with caramel. Soap is used as a test to determine the degree of hardness of water. A given quantity of water is shaken up with soap, and the amount of soap destroyed before a lather is obtained, shows how much of iron, lime, or other salts the water contains, for these salts decompose what we may call the original soap, and, re-combining with the fat, form insoluble compounds, which float about the water as the curdy flakes with which we are all familiar.

It is only when the salts have decomposed as much soap as they are capable of attacking that the lather begins, and the more salts the water contains—or, in other words, the harder it is—the longer before that point is reached. It is in this way that a large percentage of the soap used in America is absolutely wasted through the character of the water.

Some have computed it at many thousands of dollars annual loss to the country. It is a matter of common remark that persons who are accustomed to live in a hard-water district set about washing their hands in a quite different way to those who habitually use soft water; and all laundresses —especially if they find their own washing materials—use soft water if they can, or, at any rate, soften it, so far as they are able, by boiling and soda.

There never yet was anything which could be proposed, from the most important to the most humble, but, if you were to ask other people about it, you would hear that it was "all very well, but really it is not the time." If the originators of all the great movements and improvements which have benefited the race had waited till their friends ceased to say "It is not the time," they would have all gone into the dust without doing those things which have made them immortal. If, for the execution of the humblest designs which rise in the course of our private affairs, we were each to wait till others said it was time, there never would be anything done beyond the limits of the most ordinary routine.

Grains of Gold.

Everybody is wise after the event.

Waste nothing; neither money, time nor talent.

The adversities of many furnish success for the few.

That is not good language which all understand not.

That which will not make a pot, may make a pot-lid.

Real glory springs from the silent conquests of ourselves.

If you are in a passion shut your mouth, for words increase it.

Pride, perceiving humility honorable, often borrows her cloak.

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.

Happiness is where it is found, and seldom where it is sought.

Some people are like a boy's rocking horse; full of motion but no progress.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Mock humility wears a gauze robe, covering but not concealing its deformity.

The easiest thing in the world is to find fault. Even a blind man can find fault.

Those who think money will do anything may be suspected of doing anything for money.

Let us be content in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because its little.

It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an unsupportable one to be under an obligation to a scoundrel.

Men and things have their particular point of view; to judge of some we should see them near; of others we judge best at a distance.

Nothing is more beautiful than a serene, virtuous, happy old age. Such an old age belongs to every individual's life if he only knows how to build it.

Femininities.

The worst thing about a handsome woman is some other fellow's arm.

Very young people show their age. The old ones know how to hide it.

When a woman refuses to return a man's love she does not make herself liable to arrest for petty larceney.

Alice, Adelais, Adelaide, Aliza, Alix, Adaline are all forms for one name, the root of which is adel, noble.

Hortense Schneider, who once reigned supreme as the queen of opera bouffe, is fat, rich and fifty-three. She has an idiot son who causes her much grief.

At Atlanta, Ga., has been formed an association of young ladies who are sworn to do everything in their power to abolish the "parlor-beau" fashion.

The latest fashionable fad is for the young women to industriously eat peppermint candy at the theatres. They evidently intend to get even with their clove-chewing escorts.

In the matter of buttons fashion has decreed that rich dresses must have them of solid gold. Many of the fancy buttons are of so rich a design that they may be classed among jewelry.

The Beefsteak Club, of New York, escorted about a hundred of their lady friends to a theatre in that city one night recently, and each lady removed her hat before taking her seat.

It is said that during ten years no number of London Punch appeared without a skit at crinoline, and the ladies, God bless them, never paid any attention to Punch or any other publication.

Mrs. Shoddy McDojt writes from Paris: "We shall remain in Parree all this winter, so that I can perfect my French," and her friend, who received the letter, says she is then coming back to study English.

A lady of this city presented her parlor girl with a carpet sweeper on Christmas, and the girl swept into a new place the next week, taking the gift with her. This was knocking up a dust in the wrong direction.

A woman of 63 years, who left Amsterdam last May with a colony destined for Utah, under Mormon auspices, is the subject of inquiry in a letter written by her husband to the Superintendent of Castle Garden. He wants her back home.

Little boy, looking up from a newspaper: "Uncle, what is 'The Great Woman Question,' that the papers say so much about?" Uncle, who is a cynical old bachelor: "The great woman question, did you say? I suppose it is, 'What did she have on?'"

Mrs. Million, to the principal of the school attended by her daughter: "Dear Madam—My daughter, Clarice, informs me that last year she was obliged to study vulgar fractions. Please do not let this happen again. If my dear child must study fractions, let them be as refined as possible."

Ink stains on mahogany furniture will disappear if treated as follows: "Put six drops of spirits of nitre into a teaspoonful of water, and touch the stained part with a feather dipped in the mixture. Immediately after this rub with a soft cloth and cold water to prevent a white mark.

Maud—"Pa, my cain feels sore, as if I were getting some kind of skin eruption." Pa—"How long have you had it?" "I've only noticed the pricking sensation during the last few days." "Tell that fellow who calls to see you so much to shave. This under-the-mistletoe business has been overdone."

An Australian poet, said to be "very young," sings:

"Oh, what a horrible thing is death,
When it comes before you get your breath."

And a good old lady, on reading the effusion, signed and said, "Indeed, indeed it is, as I have often found to my sorrow."

Eight year old Grace astonished her father the other day by remarking: "Well, life's trials must come to us sooner or later, so you may as well eat a philopena with me, and I'll eaten you, and you can give me a birthday present." The ingenious junction of philosophy and philopena was her own idea, and decidedly original.

Little Nell; "I caught sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night an' she hasn't sent off the first one yet." Little Kitty: "Ain't that nice? Did you tell on her?" Little Nell: "No, she bribed me off." Little Kitty: "What did she do?" Little Nell: "She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em when I grow up."

"Hallo!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the sitting room, and saw her in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question and sealed it with a smack. "What's the time of day now?" I should think it was now about half past twelve," was the cool reply. "You are four we are almost one."

A woman in Davisville, Col., who is suffering from insomnia, attempted to get sleep by inhaling chloroform and lost consciousness under its influence. She does not know how long insensibility continued, but on returning to consciousness she had just strength left to draw her face away from the vial, and about twelve hours elapsed before she recovered.

Miss Gertrude Green, of Castleton, N. Y., has been visiting in Greenbush the past few days. For a year or more the young woman has been unable to speak louder than a whisper. While at the ball of the select Knickbein of Bath on New Year's Eve, at just 12 o'clock, she turned to some friends to wish them a happy New Year, when to the surprise of all her voice was restored and she could speak as well as ever.

A double wedding that took place in Clark county, Ky., had this feature for a novelty. John Pursear, colored, has two marriageable daughters. The father was anxious to get them a dower, but had nothing to give. At last the happy thought struck him of legally binding his four young children, two to each bride, so that the girls might have the labor of the children until their majority or age. The idea was carried out and the children have started on their long apprenticeship.

Masculinities.

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

New York is said to be the third German city in the world.

Senator Hearst, of California is said to have an income of $750,000 per year.

Two things a man should never be angry at: what he can help and what he cannot help.

Sugar, glycerine, and gum arabic are the articles used to produce the glossy appearance of ink.

It is said by a competent authority that men spend more money for hats than women do for bonnets.

An Arkansas man whittled a bullet out of a plug of tobacco and shot it through the body of a wildcat.

Susan B. Anthony is quoted as saying that Abraham Lincoln was the only man she could have loved.

A Minnesota man says that Indians don't get drunk because they like liquor, but because they think it an honor.

There are yet a number of heroes in the world, but sometimes they are not raised about until they lose their lives.

The Homestake Mining Company, of the Black Hills, D. T., is the largest in the world, and employs 3,500 men.

Hiram P. Revels, the first colored man elected to the United States Senate, is now a well-to-do farmer in Mississippi.

The great mass of mankind eagerly gaze and wonder, if they undertake to think, they grow listless and soon tire out.

A man of sense finds much less difficulty in submitting to one who is wrong-headed than in attempting to set him right.

We believe that it was a retired banker who, having bought a country villa, tried to hatch oysters by putting them under a sitting hen.

Again we would like to remark that the man who leaves the stairs on his sidewalk is he who drops buttons in the church contribution box.

Jay Gould is said to have gone through the very heavens. No matter how important a question of time may seem to be, he is never in a hurry.

The editor of a Georgia paper says liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty to live must be vigilant, and there is no mind able to a woman.

A visit to the sewers of Paris was a feature of a press festival recently held in that city. Five hundred persons availed themselves of the singular programme.

Scene in church. Sexton—"I beg your pardon, sir, but the services are over." Clergyman—"If you'll hold the fire this morning, Mary, I won't ask you again all winter."

Dakota has developed more curious phenomena since it first attracted people attention than was known place on the globe. A living man recently married his mother-in-law.

In a country churchyard there is the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of John Robinson, and Ruth, his wife; and, unfortunately, this test. "Their surname is accompanied."

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady home after a talented, good night or good evening. Never tell a lie, young man; say good morning.

A woman of Bellegrove county, Georgia, who confesses to a murder, says she had a disagreeable party, and in the confusion happened to cut her throat. It is believed she intended to cut her husband's throat, but murdered by mistake.

To one who said: "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another retorted: "It is impossible that you can make such a remark in the world, but quite possible that you may know no honest."

"I wonder," said a young lady, "why Hymen is always represented as carrying a torch?" To whom an old bachelor maliciously replied: "To indicate that he is always ready to warm for people who marry."

On the English coast there is a sea bird that is hated, cordially by all who know it, and justly so, for from four to five generations it has been the curse of the poor Welsh people.

A young man, who took to himself a wife, hearing Nilsson sing, "Home, sweet home," said: "Very much, indeed. I think it is a well-written song, was for surprising to me."

A demented man from West Virginia, who married a woman in Kentucky, and raised a family of half-a-dozen children, is being hunted up in that state. He is accused of three counts and a settlement.

A big libel on a love letter looks bad, of course, but there are occasions when it is very good indeed. You could not call it libel, for instance, if you were to ask her if she could spend three hundred dollars a month on it and then have her answer that she would not give that much for the whole earth. It would be more like gratitude.

Jesse Parker, who died for years here, [illegible] "Does your wife ever [illegible] plumber?" asked a friend. "No," replied Parker, "she don't. But lately she has been [illegible] frequently particularly in winter, around [illegible] erick. "What does she do?" asked the friend. "Why, she [illegible] here." "What on earth do such words mean?" "Why, she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate!'"

Recent Book Issues.

"Helen's Babies," new and revised edition, with an illustrated cover, and portraits of "Budge" and "Toddie" on it, by John Habberton. One volume, paper cover; price, 50 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. "Helen's Babies" fame is world-wide. Over two hundred thousand copies of "Helen's Babies" have already been printed and sold. It is a clean, amusing book.

"Taken by Seige" is a novel that plays itself in New York principally, and of which the cast is supposed to be taken from the characters more or less peculiar to that lively city. The hero, a country boy, enters journalism and finally becomes editor of a great daily. In the meantime he meets with a lot of varied adventures, having the flavor of the dramatic and Bohemian world about them, and lays bare to the readers a great deal of the alleged inner life of the stage and the newspaper. There is a love story running through it, wherein the hero, after long years, "takes by seige" the heart of the woman he adores. The tale does not pretend to anything great, and if it has a value at all, it is that it shows the unusually dry elements of journalistic life can be made romantic, when a facile pen invokes the name of Truth, and then lets fancy have the fullest kind of swing. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Dorothy Wordsworth, the Story of a Sister's Love," is in the nature of a compilation from various sources of facts, opinions and incidents relating to Wordsworth, the English poet, of the last and present century. It is possible that Wordsworth is not so popular now as he has been, as a representative English poet, but, such as do admire him, will find in this volume much that will throw life and light upon parts of his writings, otherwise it may be obscure. "Dora" Wordsworth had certainly much to do with shaping her poetical brother's destiny, but the scope and bearing of it has waited until now to be fully given to the world. To the extent of showing the influence of a sister's devotion, love and association, it is valuable in its revelations or lessons, and in addition, taking on other colors from her closeness to one the world has called a genius, it introduces the reader to many fresh incidents and entertaining people. Mr. Edward Lee, the author, has done his part of the work well, and so have Dodd, Mead & Co., of Boston, the publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Jerome B. Howard, of the Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, has begun the publication of *The Phonographic Magazine*, which shorthand writers will find to be valuable and interesting. Price, 15 cents per number.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Apropos of the Princess of Wales and her cruelly concealed neck, Mrs. Crawford has an interesting story. When the match between the Prince of Wales and the daughter of the king of Denmark was proposed the queen of England wished to see the future bride, so she was asked to visit at Osborne. She came, was seen and all fell in love with her. It was just after she had left England that Mrs. Crawford chanced to be in Brussels, and woman-like was improving her chance to have some dressmaking done. Her modiste said one day: "Madam, I have just had a piece of good fortune. I made the dress that the future Princess of Wales wore when in England. Her father, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein (he was not yet king of Denmark), could not afford to pay Paris prices, so they had a dressmaker in the house, and they happened to employ me." Mrs. Crawford was interested, being an English woman, in the future wife of her sovereign, and drew the woman out. The latter said that the princess was not brilliant, but was most amiable and charming. "But, madam," continued the modiste "she ought not to be the mother of kings. There are deep, ugly scars on her otherwise beautiful throat, that come from inherited sickness, and it was a difficult thing to plan her dresses so that those marks should not show. She is also entirely deaf in one ear, also the result of a scrofulous attack when she was a child. Many a simple country girl has been fitted out by poor parents for a city visit without one-quarter of the pinching and contriving that was exercised for the future Princess of Wales." "It is a curious fact," Mrs. Crawford says, "that the broad, bejewelled velvet collars that the Belgian dressmaker invented have always been retained by her royal patron."

Cents are not wanted in Brit sh Columbia, Says a paper there: "Five cent pieces are in circulation, and we hope that no smaller change will ever find its way into this province. This is not a land of coppers."

WHATEVER our place allotted to us by Providence, that is for us the post of duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

A Fortune for You.

All is new; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes, all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you free full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily, from the first start. Some have made over $50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—delay not.

THE VALUE OF MONEY.

Money is of no use except for what it will buy, and where it is a circulating medium it will buy almost everything.

Money will assist one to appropriate, to embezzle, to be short in his accounts, and finally to abscond. These may not be the best things to which one can turn his attention, but until public sentiment is roused to the fact that men who are capable of earning money ought to be allowed to use it, rogues will be shielded and poor men's families will go cold and hungry.

I have personally known of a poor man being sent to jail for two years for stealing a horse brush, and of young children being sent to jail or to some industrial school for stealing ten cents worth of fruit from some supposedly rich man's garden. It does not seem to me that these things look well in America.

It is all very nice to be able to trace back our ancestry to some noble or famous race, but, it in the free air of this country, we strive to emulate them in the attainment of riches regardless of what poverty and oppression it may bring upon others, we are a disgrace to ourselves as well as no honor to our forefathers. They knew no better, we have had superior advantages.

Money honorably earned and carefully accumulated entitles its possessor to just as many, if not the same, good things of this life as does inherited wealth.

I read once of a lady who visited an art store and in looking over some patriots remarked that she had everything else but ancestors and she proposed to buy a few of those if she could find some to suit her as she had noticed they were quite fashionable.

It is needless to deny that practically spending money entitles its possessor to quite as much power, importance and genuine respect as anything he can possess. If it hides a multitude of faults, it also brings to light virtues, that except for its possession, would have remained undiscovered.

The stories of the accumulative talent of the Rothschilds and the extended benevolence of their wives are inseparable.

It may be true that some people are born stingy, but born stinginess, I notice, is always to a good deal diluted by the benevolent blood with which it is sure to unite.

There is a good deal of unnecessary scoffing and fighting against the power of money. The best thing is for people to recognize its power and control it rather than be controled by it through the wild of some other person.

Every child in America should be taught to carefully accumulate, for his own future use, at least one-tenth of his spending money. He will, by this means, be almost certain to be independent in his old age.

The man who spends and gives away all his income or all he earns, and then ends his days in the poor-house, is more to be pitied than he who denies himself, if necessary, some things in youth, and lays aside a reasonable amount for old age.

Most people, arrived at years of discretion, are of the same opinion as that editor who said that though folks were inclined to scoff at the immense wealth of some people, and to remark that with all their money, they were not very bright, he, himself, was of the opinion that it required considerable mental power to accumulate property.

He felt that he should have been very thoughtful if some of his immediate ancestors had possessed sufficient foolishness to lay up money.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

PEOPLE WHO HEAR THINGS.—There are some people who are always hearing things about others and to let them render what they have heard in their own words, they never hear anything that can be listened to as an unmixed good.

It is really astonishing how envy will distort even the best intentioned sayings and doings to suit its own low ideas.

In a schoolmate especially talented there is a chance for spiteful remarks. Has a girl a desirable lover, there are plenty who would not scruple to chloroform him with sweet attentions, and carry him off bodily if only they could feel assured he would not wake up to the fact until safely entangled in the matrimonial net.

Has a poor girl married a rich husband, plenty who formerly admired and loved her stand ready to explain how the wedding came about and then wonder why she does not recognize her former friends.

Equally trying to the constitution and disposition are the unc omplimentary things that a favorite daughter-in-law is certain to hear her husband's mother has said about her and her folks.

The only safe way to get along with people who hear things is to meet them alone as seldom as possible. If you feel you must listen to what they have to tell insist upon their explaining at length the circumstances under which the obnoxious remark was made.

This course and a cheerful "O that is nothing alarming after all" will, in time, effectually silence if not convince your worst and most envious enemy that though you may be obliged to listen to you do not choose to hear or believe disagreeable things.

S. A. MOSS.

UNLIMITED MEMORIES.—There was a Corsican who could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician, about sixty years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without a mistake; although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind could repeat the whole of "Virgil's Æneid," and could remember the first and last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind. One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination towards one particular achievement without reference either to cultivation or memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggarman at Sterling, in Scotland known fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart, insomuch that if a sentence was read to him he could name the book, chapter and verse; or if the book, chapter and verse were named, he could give the exact words. It is related that a missionary after preaching a sermon on "Eternity" to some Africans heard a simple-looking young man repeat it all over to a group of natives with uncommon precision, the very gestures being reproduced. On telling him that he had done more than the original preacher could do—repeat the sermon verbatim—the savage touched his forehead and said, "When I hear anything great it remains there."

THE WHISKER.—Two fallacies are in vogue regarding the whisker question. One is that a thin-faced man should support side whiskers to widen his face: the other that a round-faced man should favor long chin whiskers to lengthen his face. Both are adopted on the counteraction and antidote principle, but are wrong as wrong can be. A man with a sharp chin exposed is thin and appears thin in spite of his Burnsides. And a moon-shaped man gives himself a humorous and clownish appearance by wearing a long, sharp tuft on his chin. The principle of conformity should be observed or a wholesale change made. A thin man, for instance, should not wear chin whiskers, no whiskers at all, or a beard. He no more looks well with side whiskers and a peaked chin than he would to stuff his chest and not his cheeks and calves. To look well he must be uniformly and consistently thin, or he may modify it by a complete beard. A fat man should be smooth faced or wear universal whiskers pretty closely cropped. The well-proportioned and moderately full-faced man may vary the style and quantity of his whiskers with impunity so far as the thin or broad appearance is concerned. A very short beard gives an animal look; if very large it indicates vanity or crankiness.

THE FRAGRANT LIFE.—Awhile ago I found an exquisite fable in an old musty volume, and it is worth recalling.

Here stands an old oak with its great, brawny arms, and which storm and tempest have only rooted more firmly in the earth; just beneath on a turfy knoll grew a little violet.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself," said the oak, one day, "when you look up at me, you little thing down there, when you see how large I am and how small you are, how wide my branches spread and how little space you occupy? You will very soon be dead and gone, but I live for centuries, and then my wood will make a mighty ship that will float over the great deep."

But the violet was happy and content. It had no lofty ambitions, or thoughts, but was quite satisfied with its lot.

"We are both, "replied the violet, "where God placed us, and He has given us both something. He has given you strength and me sweetness, and I offer Him back my fragrance and am thankful. True, I may soon die and be forgotten, but I am well content. I have lived fragrant, and I hoped to die fragrant, and this is all I desire."

M. S.

IDLENESS OUR ENEMY.—At what hour of the day is a man at his strongest, and fitted to do hard work with the least weariness? The question is a strange one, and probably the answer occurring at once to most persons will be: "When he gets up in the morning." This is by no means the case; on the contrary, according to recent experiments, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast, and it attains to its highest point after the mid-day meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again towards evening, but steadily declines from night till morning. The two chief foes of the muscular force, are overwork and idleness. We know that many of the great workers of the world, though not all, have been early risers. But early rising ought always to be supplemented by early breakfasting. The ancient proverbial "early bird" who "catches the worm" must have had a presage of the "dynamometric" experiments, and instinctively put them in practice before they were formulated in words.

SHAMEFUL ABUSE

Heaped upon a Noted Englishman for His Open Honesty.

WM. ED. ROBSON, M. D., L. R. C. S. I., M. K. Q. C. P. I., late of the Royal Navy, of England, has got into professional trouble for writing the following open letter to the editor of the London *Family Doctor*:

"I believe it to be the duty of every physician to make known any means or remedy whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give both my experience here and abroad. I ask the publication of the statement that people may be warned before it is too late, to say to them that there is at hand a means by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and indeed to the laity, that a certain disease is making a terrible havoc; that next to consumption it is the most fatal, and that when fully developed there is nothing to be done for the sufferer."

"Physicians and scientists have long been trying to throw light upon the cause, and if possible, find in nature a medicine for this fatal malady. They have shown, absolutely, that the blood-purifying organs of vital importance, are the kidneys, and that when they once fail, the poison which they should take out of the blood is carried by the blood into every part of the body, developing disease."

"In my hospital practice in England, India and South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent; much more so than generally known, and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness, and further, that the medical profession has no remedy which exerts any absolute control over these organs in disease."

"Some time ago when I had a case which resisted all medical treatment—which is very limited—complicated with the passing of stones from the kidneys, much against my will I permitted my patient to use Warner's safe cure, of which I had heard marvelous results. In his case the result was simply marvelous, as the attack was a severe one, and development very grave, for an analysis showed per cent. of albumen and granular tube casts."

"The action of the medicine was singular and incomprehensible to me. I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is to-day, a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiry into the merits of the remedy, and after analysis I found it to be of a purely vegetable character, harmless to take under all circumstances."

"Casting aside all professional prejudice I gave it a thorough trial, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what medicine. I prescribed it in a great variety of cases, Acute, Chronic, Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure."

"For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's safe cure. I make this statement on facts I am prepared to produce and substantiate. I appeal to physicians of large practice, who know how common and deceptive diseases of the kidneys are, to lay aside professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's safe cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians."

"I am satisfied that more than one-half of the deaths which occur in England are caused, primarily, by impaired action of the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous uric and kidney acid. Warner's safe cure causes the kidneys to expel this poison, checks the escape of albumen, relieves the inflammation and prevents illness from impaired and impoverished blood. Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all the other medicines ascertainable to the profession, the majority of which, I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action."

"Isn't that a straightforward, manly letter?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well, but do you know the author has been dreadfully persecuted for writing it?"

"How so? What has he done to merit it?"

"Done? He has spoken the truth 'out of school,' and his fellow physicians, who want the public to think they have a monopoly in curing diseases, are terribly angry with him for admitting professional inability to reach certain disorders.

"That letter created a wonderful sensation among the titled classes and the public. This jarred the doctors terribly. The College of Surgeons and Queen's College, from which institution he was graduated, asked for an explanation of his unprofessional conduc., and notified him that unless he made a retraction they would discipline him.

"The doctor replied that he allowed his patients to make use of Warner's safe cure only after all the regular methods *had failed*, and when he was satisfied that there was no possible hope for them. Upon their recovery, after having used Warner's safe cure, he was so much surprised that he wrote the above letter to the *Family Doctor*. He regretted that the faculties found fault with his action in the matter, but he could not conscientiously retract the facts as written to the *Family Doctor*.

"The faculties of both colleges replied that unless he retracted they should cut him off, which would naturally *debar him from again practicing his profession*, and also prevent his securing another appointment in the Royal Navy!"

The illustrious doctor's dilemma is certainly an unpleasant one, emphasizing as it does both his own honesty and the contemptible prejudice and bigotry of English medical men. The masses, however, having no sympathy with their nonsense, keep on using the remedy he so highly recommends and get well, while the rich and able depend upon the prejudiced doctors and die!

Humorous.

THE GROCER.

A Grocer cannot take his E's,
Or even C K rest,
For he's to market while the B's
Sleep E Z in their nest.

He has to watch with all his I's
When customers S A
To help themselves, or other Y's
They'd steal his fine R A

He makes big profit on his T's,
With sugar mixed with S &,
And grinds with coffee lots of P's,
Or N E thing at hand.

Slow payers he must not X Q's,
Because in K C he trusts,
With all the caution he may U's
Sure in the N D busts.

When for a man he cuts H E's,
A big P C will weigh,
And wrap it ere the buyer C's
It's moldy with D K,

Most every one the grocer O's
But if he's Y Z will
Shut down on each dead B T knows,
And have no M T till.

—U. N. None.

A game leg—Hind quarter of venison.

Taken aback—a boy playing leap frog.

Don't fail to keep a diary. Keep it locked up in a trunk.

Johnny stole one pancake and got six spankaches as a reward.

There is do place like home, especially if it's the home of your best girl.

There are a good many p's in pepper, but not half so many as there are in coffee.

What this country wants is a dentist who can draw your tooth, without drawing your attention to the fact.

Judge, to the plaintiff—"Who was present when the defendant knocked you down?" Plaintiff—"I was."

A dog has a remarkable power of scent, but after he has employed it once on a burning firecracker he seldom takes the pride in it that he did in his younger days.

Some fireman, somewhere, evidently smitten with somebody, gave the following toast: "Cupid and his torch, the only incendiary that can kindle a flame which the engines can not quench."

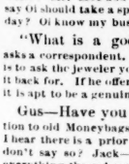
An Ohio man stole a locomotive recently. He would have got away, probably, had he not gone back after the freight train to which it had been attached. Like most Ohio men he wanted too much.

Following Directions— Mrs. McFudd—Oh, Pat! and phat are yez doing in that tub of water? Mr. McFudd—Faith and didn't the doctor say Oi should take a spoonful in wather three times a day? Oi know my business.

"What is a good test of a diamond?" asks a correspondent. About as good a test as any is to ask the jeweler you buy it of what he will take it back for. If he offers you half as much as it costs it is apt to be a genuine stone.

Gus—Have you put the important question to old Moneybags' daughter, Jack? Jack—No, I hear there is a prior attachment there. Gus—You don't say so? Jack—Yes, the sheriff has attached everything the old man owns.

Professor (to students)—Pray go on smoking, it doesn't annoy me in the least; on the contrary, I like to see others enjoy it. It is the same with tobacco as with hay; I don't eat any myself, but I am delighted to watch others enjoying it.



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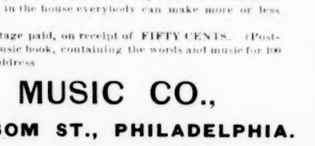

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The attention of modistes is at present directed towards the preparation of dressy outdoor and visiting costumes for afternoon wear, and dinner and evening toilettes. The ladies' tailor has a monopoly of the plain cloth and serge costumes worn during the morning, but directly it comes to a question of combining two different materials each requiring distinct treatment, his skill deserts him, and the couturiere has a chance of displaying her superior knowledge of the fabrics of which ladies' dresses are made, her taste in combining colors and materials, and her skill in devising new and graceful draperies.

This being the case, we will simply remark that tailor-made costumes are still very much worn for morning walks, shopping expeditions, etc., and then pass on to some notes of visiting and evening toilettes.

Costumes for ceremonious visits are elaborate in style and rather varied in coloring, although this last point is usually settled by the taste of the wearer.

The majority are a combination of fine woolen fabrics with velvet, and in all carefully prepared toilettes the mantle and chapeau correspond with the dress, unless the mantle takes the form of a large and cosy wrap, which is left in the carriage or in the ante-room.

A good model for a visiting toilette is of dark slate-blue velvet and woolen material; the skirt is of velvet, covered nearly to the edge in front with a full tablier of woolen material turned under at the edge to form a bouillonne; at the back is a long pulled drapery of the same material. Over this is worn a velvet redingote, open to the waist over a full chemisette of woolen material, and fastened below the waist with a silver clasp. The long panels open over the tablier and fall to the edge of the skirt, becoming gradually narrower as they descend, and are then turned up again, showing a lining of flame-colored faille, and end under the back drapery, thus forming long loops which entirely cover the sides of the costume. The back of the redingote is quite short, the drapery being joined on immediately below the waist.

The corsage is ornamented with a collar ending in a slight point on the chest, revers at the neck, and parements of flame-colored faille.

The small strawless capote worn with this costume is of slate-blue velvet, with a flame-colored faille brim, and a group of ribbon bows to match in front, with a white and gray sea-gull fastened on in the centre.

Another handsome visiting toilette, also made in redingote style, has a plain skirt of mahogany-colored plush, the redingote being of diagonal woolen material to match, in wide stripes alternated with plush stripes of equal width.

The redingote fastens diagonally from right to left over a small plush plastron and under a revers ending in a point under a rosette bow on the left side. The front is draped with a few pleats under the rosette, and falls straight to the edge, the right side is draped over the hip, the back is joined on in very large gathers, and falls in straight, full folds. The left side of the redingote forms a moderately full basque, to which is added a plush basque joining the front and back of the tunic across the top of the plush skirt. Three long loops and ends of plush ribbon fall from the edge of the basque in a straight row, and relieves the flatness of the skirt.

The collar and parements are of plush, the capote is also of plush, with strings and bows of picot ribbon to match, and a small mahogany-colored plume and handsome aigrette.

Dinner dresses, like visiting toilettes, are usually composed of two materials. Plush and faille are a favorite combination, but the faille is often a mere background for the richest embroidery, or else serves as a foundation for lace flounces or draperies.

An exquisite dress is of peacock-blue plush, forming open redingote panels in front and a straight drapery at the back; between this drapery and the panels is, on each side of the skirt, a band of magnificent mixed, heavy and open embroidery, in the style of Venetian point lace, the band extending from the top to the edge of the faille foundation skirt. The front is draped with crepe lisse in a very pale shade of blue, almost gray, and is bordered with a garniture above a ruche of ribbon.

The corsage is of plush, with a postillion basque at the back ornamented with embroidery and bows of pale-blue ribbon. The front is cut out in a low square, with a pleated plastron of pale-blue crepe lisse, and revers of embroidery following the front on each side, and then turning around at the point to mark the edge of the corsage. The embroidery is so arranged that it is narrow at the front and back of the corsage, but wide at the sides, giving the corsage the appearance of being very much curved over the hips. Pale-blue bows are placed on the corsage and also on the sleeves, which are ornamented with embroidery.

Rich and artistic effects are more easily produced with plush than with any other material, and it is almost equally beautiful in any of the fashionable shades; the dress just described, for instance, is exquisite in heliotrope plush, with pale-pink crepe lisse, and bows to correspond.

The uses of plush are increasing in number; the latest purpose for which it is employed is as for a lining for the coquettish little vetements and mantelets, whose name is legion.

Plush forms an admirable lining for these elegant little visites; it is as warm as a wadded and quilted silk lining, and at the same time lighter, less cumbersome, and more novel.

The plush is used in light colors chiefly; salmon, old pink, pale-blue, light heliotrope, lilac, cerise, citron and fire color, are some of the favorite plain shades, but striped and chequered plushes are also employed.

Opera cloaks are richly ornamented with embroidery, passementerie, beads or fur; they are generally made in the form of a hooded mantelet with sleeves, and are fastened with cords tipped with tassels. They are lined with plush, if made of some other material, but if the mantle is of plush, the lining is frequently of quilted silk.

Ball dresses for young ladies are made of less expensive materials and in simpler styles.

A very pretty toilette is made of white spotted net on a white silk foundation. The very full net skirt is drawn in with gathers about ten or twelve inches above the edge, and again at the same distance further up, with ruches of spotted net covering the lines of gathers, and form a trimming on the skirt. The long draped tunic falling square at the sides, and the equally long and full back drapery are caught up together on the right hip with bouquets of roses; the left side is ornamented with long loops and ends of white faille ribbon.

The low, pointed corsage is of white faille with a net berthe on the left side and at the back, and a long spray of roses and foliage from the right shoulder ending in falling sprays in front. The short sleeves are of lace, or of spotted net like the dress.

Plain colors as a rule are confined to the skirt; the upper portion is mostly a combination of well-assorted tones, the collars and cuffs matching the petticoat, when it is velvet.

Red is a most popular tint, and dark ruby skirts are worn with a happy mixture of lighter shades for drapery. This is completed with red stockings, a red bonnet, and where the weather admits, a small red umbrella, intended rather to keep off the sun than the rain. Corduroy is greatly used for petticoats, and stand wear and tear.

The embroideries on the cashmeres this year are very elaborate, and, moreover, very beautiful. Most of the designs are Oriental in style, and recall the fine old Indian shawls.

Velvet appliques are also introduced in the same stuff, but not in contrast; they either match the foundation, or are of a lighter shade with the same coloring. With gowns so richly wrought the make is simple; the embroidery is seen plain and unpleated on the skirt.

The bodices are pointed back and front, a style that shows off the embroidered plastrons to perfection, and the epaulettes—without which no French gown would seem to be complete—are now made in passementerie to match almost any color, and ready to sew on in this form.

Many of the new woolens have visible hairs on the surface, and some are so closely woven as to resemble kid, hence their name, Peau de Suede, and the tone we associate with Suede kid remains the leading one.

Poplins are being worn, but the French, not the Irish make. If you are going to invest in a thoroughly serviceable French gown, I would introduce to your notice "oriens," a double cashmere of a fine, thick, heavy make.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

Some pretty cloths are now fashionable, arranged by tasteful hands, consisting of a square of white or colored satin sheeting, with sprays cut from old hand-embroidered materials, applique on at the corners, and in detached groups.

This work is also done on tolerably fine canvas, for cushions, sachets, etc., the applique being tacked on delicately, and the canvas grounded in colored silks, in double or single cross-stitch. Nearly everyone has some antique, often useless, relics of embroidery by them, and if these are carefully cut out and well arranged, the effect is very good.

In a room where space is limited, the back of a piano may be converted into a receptacle for all sorts of knicknacks. A curtain or drapery of any effective material is first attached, and this is looped up, left hanging, or arranged according to the exigencies of the situation. A shelf is placed some way down the back, with a festooned valance, and on this stand up photographs in frames, and any pretty trifles in the way of ornaments. Then below are suspended small pictures and other things, and at the base is a box with growing plants, and at each end a tall uprising bush of foliage, grass, peacock feathers, or rushes.

In windows, where space permits, two or even three shelves may be fitted in, the upper one cushioned for a seat or used as a stand for flowers, and the under ones for books and odds and ends. In a bedroom this will be found very useful for boots and shoes of all kinds.

Photograph frames of rough rounded wood about two inches wide, or of notched twigs, either painted brown and varnished or gilded are novel. They are hung up by colored ribbon.

A novelty for showing off photographs, whether cabinets, promenade or even larger size, and mounted groups or views, is on an easel of tolerable height made of deal, and afterwards painted black or in imitation wood.

An ordinary sheet of thick cardboard measuring about 24 inches wide and 19 inches wide (the usual dimensions), is covered with some material such as crimson or orange-green velveteen or cheap dress fabric. Then three rows of ribbon, 2½ inches or 3 inches wide, are stretched across at distances as tightly as possible, and firmly secured to the back of the cardboard. One piece of ribbon is at the base, and the other two at a distance of 4½ inches apart. These are then feather-stitched near the lowest edge to form receptacles for the photographs which drop in, and stand up against the cardboard. Afterwards two corners of plush, one larger than the other, are put on across the right-hand corner low down, and the opposite one on the top of the cardboard. These are merely for ornament, and can be worked with a floral design, a slanting signature, or painted in oils on some other material than plush. The lowest corner should measure 15 inches in length, across the cardboard, and the upper one about 6 inches. When this is all done, take a piece of lining of some kind, turn in the edges, and sew it neatly on at the back. Some discretion must be exercised as to the putting on of the ribbons, and the securing them to the material in front, as some photos are higher than others. Pins could be put in first, just to judge of the requirements. When all is finished, then rest the cardboard on the easel, put in the photos, arrange a silken sash scarf in a loop, round the top of the easel, pass it behind the cardboard, bringing it out on the left side, then drape it across the base to the right. Thus, with no great amount of trouble or expense, a very ornamental drawing-room knicknack is presented.

A pretty new fashion is to have the enlarged fac-simile of a signature or Christian name cut out in silver or gilt, and attached to a plush photograph frame, a blotting-book, photo album, or work-bag.

Some of the brooches with names, lately so general, or the monograms off velvet pouch bags, are now adapted to these purposes.

A plush frame containing a young child's photo, with its pet name cut out in raised silver letters, and nailed on across one corner, has a pretty effect. They are also to be seen in bone, ivory and wood. Fret-work frames with little doors, on a background of plush or velvet are very handsome.

There is a great fashion for quaint old oaken corner cupboards, and many an old store or curiosity shop is ransacked to find the desired article. The unvarnished ones are considered more chic than the glossy dark ones. The mahogany ones, with glass doors, are not so much the fashion.

Wide frames of unvarnished oak are adapted to bedroom pier glasses, with a support at the back like an easel.

A fashion which has gained favor with some is to gild boudoir doors, and fill in the panels with pieces of old carved oak, fitted in. This has a good effect in wall cupboards, shutters, or the back of a piano. The backs of blotters and albums are also ornamented thus on a background of velvet.

A useful corner table can be made of deal on three legs, covered with diagonal serge, Roman sheeting, or plush, with a deep hanging valance, worked with some floral design. Any carpenter would make this at a small expense, and when the legs are painted and the top covered it fills a corner admirably, and is an ornamental receptacle for books or ornaments. It can be made to fold up and the legs to unscrew for traveling.

TREE LABELS.—Tree labels are a good thing, but we know a better. Make a record of the trees on paper. Note the number of rows, the place of each tree in the row. Make a diagram of your orchard, designating the trees by stars. Draw a circle around each star, and in it write the name of the tree represented by the star; then you've got it, providing you don't lose your record, and the record is no more liable to be lost than a label.

A GROWING inability to sleep in sickness is ominous of a fatal result.

Confidential Correspondents.

ROB E.—There is no particular finger on which a gentleman should wear a ring; but if he only wears one, it is generally on the left hand.

JENNIE.—1. It has not been and will not be published in book-form. 2. Not without the consent of the person to whom he first sold them, of course. 3. We know nothing as to their responsibility.

L.—You did no wrong. You would have shown yourself to be a prude had you refused the escort offered to you; and you have no business to mind the chatter of a jealous and ill-bred woman. A lady would never have spoken to you. Do not blame yourself; heed no scandal-monger, and you will soon be at ease.

JANE.—You cannot give him anything without his knowledge; but the next time he is sick and trembling and repentant, ask him to submit to treatment, and show him that he can be cured. Never whimper over him and never scold, for temper is the cause of nearly all drinking. Be always cheerful, and you will win yet. You have our heartiest good wishes.

AMATEUR.—The Young Roscius, you read of, was Master William Henry Welsh Betty, who appeared in 1805; he was then in the thirteenth year of his age. Perhaps no performer drew so large an audience, or made so much money, as this prodigy, in so short a period. The receipts for twenty-eight nights' performances at Drury Lane, London, amounted to ninety-five thousand dollars.

K. E.—It stands to reason that a man does not pay you sedulous attention for three years without feeling a desire to make you his wife. He did not think it necessary to give you an engagement-ring in a formal way. Why should he? You have had some silly little tiff which counts for nothing, and it lies with you to make it up. Welcome him back, and remember that your own jealousy is probably most of all to blame.

J. J. C.—The chivalrous office of the Champion of England, which has lately been abolished, was instituted in the reign of Richard II. It was usual on the sovereign's coronation for the champion to ride up to Westminster Hall on a white horse, proclaiming the monarch by the usual titles. He then threw down a gauntlet or iron glove, challenging anyone to take it up and fight him who disputed the monarch's lawful heritage to the throne.

MABEL.—It is quite clear that your former lover has grown tired of you, whether he is in love with anyone else or not. Your only sensible course is to fill up your time, and occupy your mind with work, study, reading, music and especially with the society of friends of both sexes. This will enable you to be happy without your fickle lover, and is not merely the best way to win him back, but is also the best way to something better—that is, to find some one more worthy to fill his place.

A. R.—It would be unwise for you to give up your present business, which, though on a small scale, gives your family a comfortable living, and try the experiment of keeping a seaside boarding-house. You could keep such an establishment open only a few months in a year, and would have to look out for some other business for autumn, winter, and spring. It is not likely that you could turn the singing and piano-forte playing of your daughters to any profitable account in the way of drawing patronage to your house.

O. R. W.—Such matters depend on the relations of the parties and the wishes of the young lady. In either of the cases mentioned, if the gentleman is on visiting terms with her family, and if she wishes him to call again, it would be proper for her to invite him to do so. Or if she thought that politeness required her to extend that favor to him, she would be at liberty to do so. When a gentleman accompanies a lady home at a late hour, it is not customary for her to invite him in; and if she does do so, it is understood to be a mere matter of form, and the gentleman politely declines to accept the invitation.

S. N. S.—In Sir Walter Scott's day the word "ascertained" was used as he employs it in the sentence you quote; that is, in the sense of assured or made known. Nowadays it is almost wholly used in the sense of to find out or discover. In Scott's time an author would have written, "It was necessary for the General to ascertain himself of the devotion of his soldiers;" whereas in our day the General would "assure himself" of the devotion of his troops, or "find out," or ascertain whether they were devoted to him or not. The meaning and the use of many words are changed from generation to generation, and before criticising an author's style as to such matters we should ascertain what the usage was in the age in which he wrote.

SCHOOL.—The microscope shows a variation in the thickness of human hair from the one-two hundred fiftieth to the one-six hundredth part of an inch; but, notwithstanding such fineness, it is a massive cable in comparison with some other fibres. Thus the thread of the silkworm is many times finer, being from the one-seventeenth hundred to the one-two thousandth of an inch. This, however, is nothing to the slenderness of the spider's thread, which has been found in some instances to be no more than one-thirty thousandth of an inch in diameter. The fibres yielded by the vegetable kingdom are also of astonishing minuteness. Thus, every fibre of flax is found to be composed of a bundle of other fibrils, which are about one-twenty-five hundredth of an inch in diameter. Similar fibres obtained from the pineapple plant have been ascertained to be no more than one-five thousandth or even one-seven thousandth of an inch in diameter.

SARAH.—There is no "easy way" to learn anything, and that is one reason why it is so useful for you to exercise your mind on problems of all kinds. It teaches you to think, to look sharply into matters, and to analyze difficulties. For example, if you will think a moment, you will probably see that in working out the problem which worries you so much, it is necessary to find out how much of the grass each set of animals would eat in one day. The sheep would eat all in twelve days, hence in one day they would eat one-twelfth of it. By the same reasoning you will find that in one day the horses would eat one-eighth, and the cattle one-sixth of it. Having got thus far, it is easy to ascertain how much the sheep, horses, and cattle would eat nine-twenty-fourths of the grass. And so it would take them two days and six-ninths of a day to eat all the grass. By dwelling on this problem till you get the principle on which it is analyzed and solved clearly in your mind, you would have but little difficulty in working out all similar arithmetical problems.